The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, *27,* Paternoster Row, London, E.C., *at latest by the 20th of each month—if possible earlier.*

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* October *will be noticed in the* November *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th November *in the* December *number.*

NEWS NOTES.

There is a considerably historical foundation for "The Grey Man," Mr. Crockett's new book, and perhaps his best. The striking and terrible story of Sawny Bean is an extensive and venerable legend. The chap-book is the oldest on record. Mr. Crockett has a copy about 1680, and in these records of the people the tale is laid between 1580 and 1603. The story is quite authentic, being told practically at length in the legend of Boece, with additions and particularities which have not been reproduced. But of course the thing is legend only, quite widespread, and tied to the period Mr. Crockett has used. He has a reprint of it as late as 1843, evidently in all good faith. His main sources have been "The Historie of the Kennedies," probably written by Auchendrane himself. The volumes of the Privy Council records were full of it for ten years. Mr. Crockett has practically taken no liberties.

"The Grey Man" will be issued by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin about the 7th October. We understand that the phenomenally large first edition of thirty-five thousand copies which has been called for includes copies ordered for the Colonies and America, and that the publishers will go to press with the book again almost immediately.

Mr. Crockett has finished his story, "Lochinvar," which will appear in the *Christian World*, beginning in January, and will be published serially in America by the McClure Syndicate. He is now engaged on another story, to be entitled "The Red Axe," the scene of which is laid in Pomerania. He is also preparing a book for boys and a series of love stories, which will probably go under the general title of "Lad's Love."

In the course of the discussion on the proposed memorial to Robert Louis Stevenson it was suggested that he was not a true patriot, and in particular that he had no love for Edinburgh. We are able to extract from a private letter of his, dated from Boulogne-sur-Mer, 4th of September, 1872, the following sentences, which ought to be decisive on this point: "After all, new countries, sun, music, and all the rest, can never take down our gusty, rainy, smoky, grim old city out of the first place that it has been making for itself in the bottom of my soul by all pleasant and hard things that have befallen me for the past twenty years or so. My heart is buried there—say in Advocate's Close!"

Professor Montagu Burrows, of All Souls' College, Oxford, is writing a life of Admiral Blake, which is to be one of twelve "Lives of British Seamen," edited by Professor Laughton. Professor Burrows has some special qualifications for the task he has undertaken. He is not only an able historian: in his younger days he won for himself distinction as a naval officer. Blake himself was a University man, and there is an interesting portrait of him at Wadham, of which college he was an alumnus. As there is no accurate or reliable biography of Blake in existence, Professor Burrows' book will be read with interest.

A life of Michael Scot, by the Rev. J. Wood Brown, of Edinburgh and Florence, is to be published shortly by Mr. David Douglas. Mr. Wood Brown has devoted some years to the preparation of this work, and has ransacked the libraries of Europe in order to discover fresh information concerning that mysterious "Scottish wizard, who"—if the statement of Mr. Bridges' Palicio is to be believed—"trafficked with the devil." Some interesting facts have been brought to light by Mr. Wood Brown; and his book will be eagerly welcomed by patriotic Scots.

Mr. Edward Armstrong, of Queen's College, Oxford, whose life of Lorenzo de Medici has been recently published, is writing a "History of Spain" for the Pitt Press.

Mr. James Bowden will issue early in October a new volume of stories by Mr. Frederick Wedmore, entitled "Orgeas and Miradon." The opinion of competent critics who have read the stories—which have already appeared in the *Nineteenth Century*, the *Fortnightly*, etc.—is that Mr. Wedmore's powers have never been shown to finer advantage than in this volume. Mr. Wedmore has considerably revised the stories since their appearance serially, and is now at work, in collaboration with his daughter, Miss Millicent Wedmore, upon an anthology of patriotic poems which is to consist of the very fine gold of "national" verse.

Mr. R. L. Douglas, of Oxford, is writing an introduction to Fenton's "Tragicall Discourses," which is to be issued shortly in Mr. Henley's "Tudor Translation Series." Fenton's book consists of a selection of Bandello's novel, translated into English, not from the original Italian, but from the "Histoires Tragiques" of Belleforest. It treats, to quote Turberville's words, of "sundrye strange and tragicall affaires, of louynge ladyes haples haps, theyr deathes and deadly cares"; and is of especial interest to students of the Elizabethan drama. In Warton's opinion, it was, "in point of selection and size, the most capital miscellany of the kind." Mr. Douglas has made some

interesting discoveries in regard to Bandello in the course of his researches in Italian libraries.

Each of the volumes of the new complete uniform edition of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's works, the publication of which Messrs. Scribner's will begin almost immediately, will contain a frontispiece by Mr. Lockwood Kipling.

We hear that the subscription for Mr. Rudyard Kipling's new volume of verses, "The Seven Seas," will probably reach twenty thousand copies.

Mr. R. D. Blackmore, in addition to writing a short story for the Christmas number of the *St. James's Budget*, has, we hear, written a second one for a special Christmas number of the *Saturday Review*. It is probable that to this latter Mr. Rudyard Kipling will also be a contributor.

Sir Walter Besant, or rather his agents, have recently completed arrangements for the transfer of "The Revolt of Man" from Messrs. Blackwood and Son's list to that of Messrs. Chatto and Windus. The latter firm have now the whole of Sir Walter Besant's works in their hands. We need scarcely add that the transfer has been effected wholly on account of Sir Walter's desire to have his books all in the hands of one publisher.

Messrs. A. and C. Black's edition of Mrs. Clifford's "Mere Stories" has been so great a success in its French dress that they have decided to issue a cheap edition in similar form of the same author's previous volume of stories, entitled "The Last Touches."

A series of articles on Literary Clubs will be a feature of *Great Thoughts* in the coming autumn and winter. Mr. Augustine Birrell is to write of the Johnson Club, and other well-known authors will tell the history of the Omar Khayyam, the New Vagabonds, and the Savage, etc.

Mr. Charles B. Robertson, son of Robertson of Brighton, has prepared a new and revised edition of his father's hitherto unrevised translation of Lessing's "Education of the Human Race." It is to be issued by Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench and Co.

The Rev. W. H. Hutton, Fellow of St. John's College Oxford, and Birkbeck Lecturer in Ecclesiastical History of Trinity College, Cambridge, will lecture at Cambridge next term on "The Church of the Sixth Century." His lectures will subsequently be published in book form by Messrs Longman.

Mr. Louis Becke, who came over to this country partly on business and partly in connection with his literary affairs, expects that the business will keep him here for some three or four months yet.

Miss Ada Cambridge has recently collected her various short stories which have from time to time appeared in different periodicals, and will publish them in book form next spring. We hear that Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co. have secured this volume.

The same firm will shortly issue a very delightful and chattily-written series of travel papers by Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton. The book is entitled "Lazy Tours," and will be issued simultaneously in America by Messrs. Roberts Bros., of Boston. The countries visited include Spain, Italy, France, Switzerland and England, and the book will be dedicated to Mrs. Moulton's "frequent hosts," Sir Bruce and Lady Seton, of Durham House.

Mrs. W. K. Clifford is busy writing a short story for publication in an early number of *Cosmopolis*.

Mr. Bret Harte has recently completed the manuscript of a new short story, to which he has given the title of "Under Karl."

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Co. intend to make some 400 copies of the new uniform edition of Mr. Bret Harte's works an autograph edition, and the first volume of each set will bear Mr. Bret Harte's signature.

Mr. Max Pemberton has written a series of stories to which he has given the general title of "Queen of the Jesters," for publication at an early date in *Pearson's Magazine*.

We understand that Mr. Bret Harte's "The Judgment of Bolinas Plains" has been dramatised, and that the play will be produced at an early date in New York under the management of Mr. Charles Frohman.

It is not expected that Mr. Rudyard Kipling will come to town from Torquay until early next year.

Mr. Guy Boothby, of "Dr. Nikola" fame, has finished a new novel in which the Doctor is again introduced. It is entitled "The Lust of Hate," and will be published by Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co.

Some two or three years ago—before the publication of "Joanna Trail, Spinster," Miss Annie E. Holdsworth issued through the Wesleyan Methodist Book Room a collection of idylls of Scotch life, after the manner of Mr. Barrie. The book was entitled "Spindles and Oars," but for some reason was not sent out for review, except in one or two instances. We hear that Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co. are now preparing an entirely new and revised edition, with some additional papers, one of which appeared recently in *Chapman's Magazine*.

Miss Edith Johnstone, authoress of "A Sunless Heart," will publish almost immediately, through Mr. Fisher Unwin, a second novel, entitled "The Douce Family." Miss Johnstone, whose real name is now Mrs. Ruding, is the widow of that very promising young author, Mr. Walter Ruding, who died recently within a fortnight of the publication of his first book, "An Evil Motherhood." Mrs. Ruding has written several very successful volumes of girls' stories for Messrs. Blackie and Sons.

Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins has, we hear, been spending his summer holiday at Fontainebleau.

The title of the story which Mr. George Macdonald has written for serial publication in the *Glasgow Mail*, commencing in the new year, is "A Slave to Sin."

Messrs. James Clarke and Co. will issue towards the end of this year a new volume from the pen of Dr. Lyman Abbott, entitled "Christianity and Social Problems." Our readers will remember that Messrs. James Clarke and Co. were the publishers in this country of Dr. Lyman Abbott's previous book, "The Evolution of Christianity."

Dr. F. Mather, of Harvard, who is now on a visit to England, is editing a fifteenth century romance entitled "Ponthus" for the Modern Languages Association of the United States. "Ponthus" is a free English version of the story of King Horn.

Mr. Algernon Gissing has recently completed a new novel, to which he has given the title of "The Scholar of Bygate." This book will also appear in Messrs. Hutchinson and Co.'s autumn list.

The date of publication for Mr. Kernahan's "The Child, the Wise Man, and the Devil," has been fixed for October 15th, when it will be issued simultaneously in England and America. Mr. James Bowden will, as has already been announced, be answerable for its production here, and Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Co. will issue it in America.

In reference to a paragraph in our September number, Rowland Grey (Miss Brown) writes that the title of her story published early in the year, "The Power of the Dog," was announced long before that. But our statement only meant that Lucas Malet, who hit upon the same name later, had been forestalled. Miss Grey reminds us that the words of the title are from the 22nd Psalm. She has finished a new story of dramatic life, to which she has given the Shakespearian title of "The Sweet o' the Year."

MONTHLY REPORT OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

August 24 to September 19, 1896.

The ever-welcome autumn revival of trade has now fairly begun, the reopening of the schools helping matters considerably in this direction, as is usually the case. The publishers' announcements are more numerous than ever, but the trade would rather that they should be fewer in number, as the competition of the different publications against each other causes additional labour without increased returns. Orders from abroad are numerous and satisfactory.

"London Pride," by Miss Braddon (the first of this author's publications to be brought out in one volume), "The Murder of Delicia," by Marie Corelli, and "Sir George Tressady," by Mrs. Humphry Ward, judging by the demand before publication, bid fair to become the leading novels of the season.

A whisper is abroad that school books are being procured through other channels than those of the booksellers. This is a great pity, for that hard-working and long-suffering man of business called a bookseller is certainly deserving of all his legitimate business.

For many years Dickens, Thackeray, and Scott have been the leading authors of fiction. Latterly this has been altered, and although of the three Scott is decidedly most popular, the public taste has undergone a decided change. There is no new author who takes their places, and the sale of fiction is increasingly and noticeably more ephemeral each year.

Orders for Diaries of all kinds are being received in good numbers, nor has the custom of giving away this class of publication as advertisements seriously affected this line of the business.

Specimens of the "Old England Annual" are being shown, and the work bids fair to be a keen competitor with that issued by Messrs. Pears.

Simultaneously with the arrest of "Number One," considerable enquiry for Le Caron's "Recollections of a Spy" was made.

A new arrival in its class is the Jewish Year Book, styled the "Jewish Whitaker" by some. Judging from its sales there is room for it.

The season for "out-door" publications on Natural History has closed, but the subject receives a considerable amount of attention all the year round.

Several new magazines are being published, among them the *Temple Magazine* and the *Avenue*. It is early yet to assign any position to them. Meanwhile the old favourites are as popular as ever, especially *Chambers' Journal*.

Short stories are again coming to the front, but their sale is always uncertain.

A small publication, entitled "Armenia and its Sorrows," is selling by thousands. A more extensive and detailed work is announced, and is sure to be freely read.

Among school books the following leading publications are noticeable:—

English History	Meiklejohn.
English Grammar	Meiklejohn or Mason.
Geography	Meiklejohn.
Algebra	Hall and Knight.
Arithmetic	Hamblin Smith.
Euclid	Todhunter.

All books on South Africa are eagerly sought for by a certain class of the community.

Appended is the list of the books enjoying the popular smile at the moment of writing. The order of the titles has no significance.

The Sowers. By H. S. Merriman. 6s.
The Mind of the Master. By John Watson. 6s.
Without Sin. By H. S. Pritchard. 6s.
Briseis. By W. Black. 6s.
The Broom Squire. By S. B. Gould. 6s.
The Story of a Lost Soul. By H. C. Davidson. 6s.
Meiklejohn's School Series.
The Sorrows of Satan. By M. Corelli. 6s.
Fellow Travellers. By the author of "Mona Maclean." 6s.
Flotsam. By H. S. Merriman. 6s.
Black Diamonds. By M. Jokai. 6s.
Heart of Princess Osra. By A. Hope. 6s.
A Quaker Grandmother. By "Iota." 6s.
False Coin or True. By F. F. Montresor. 3s. 6d.
The Wardship of Sheepcombe, By C. M. Yonge. 3s. 6d.
The Prisoner of Zenda. By A. Hope. 3s. 6d.
March Hares. By G. Forth. 3s. 6d. net.
Rome. By E. Zola. 3s. 6d.
In Scarlet and Grey. By F. Henniker. 3s. 6d. net.
How We Made Rhodesia. By A. G. Leonard. 6s.
The Wild Life of Scotland. By J. H. Crawford. 8s. 6d. net.
Ten Years in a Portsmouth Slum. By R. R. Dolling. 6s.
Armenia and its Sorrows. By W. J. Wintle. 1s.
Made in Germany. By E. E. Williams. 3s. 6d.
Animals at Work and Play. By C. J. Cornish. 6s.
The Old Testament and Modern Life. By S. A. Brooke. 6s.
Life of Peter Mackenzie. By J. Dawson. 3s. 6d.
Twenty-five Years' Secret Service. By H. Le Caron. 2s. 6d.

Weekly Statement of the Wholesale Book Trade.

Week ending
Aug. 29, 1895.—Trade steady, with considerable improvement towards the close. Export orders heavy.
Sept. 5, " —Improvement maintained, and school orders coming in. Colonial and foreign still good.
" 12, " —Much busier in all branches, with prospect of still further improvement. Foreign and colonial departments were employed.
" 19, " —Improvement is well maintained, and orders for annuals are to the front. Export departments still busy.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Messrs. Longmans and Co.—Messrs. Longmans announce some very important works. Not the least attractive is the life of Dr. Nansen, which is translated from the Norwegian by Mr. William Archer. Mr. Lang's book, "Pickle, the Spy," in one volume at 18s., is nearly ready. The Life of Sir Kenelm Digby will be written by one of his descendants. Mr. Morris's new volume, "The Well at the World's End," is put in two volumes at 28s. Among other books announced by Messrs. Longmans are "A Girl's Wanderings in Hungary," by H. E. Browning; "The Animal Story Book," edited by Andrew Lang; and "The Girlhood of Lady Stanley of Alderley" as told in letters of a hundred years ago. Messrs. Longmans are also to issue an Edinburgh edition of the Life and Works of Lord Macaulay in ten volumes, at 6s. each. This is a very happy thought.

Messrs. Macmillan and Co.—Messrs. Macmillan have, as usual, a good list. They will publish the Life of Napoleon Bonaparte, contributed to the *Century* by Dr. Sloane, and abundantly illustrated. They announce in the Cranford Series "Tom Brown's Schooldays" and other works. A very welcome announcement is that of Dean Church's Literary Reviews and Essays, contributed to the *Guardian* and the *Saturday Review*, which will occupy two volumes of the Eversley Series. "An Editor's Retrospect," by Charles A. Cooper, Editor of the *Scotsman*, ought to be very racy. There is no abler journalist in the country than Mr. Cooper, and his occasional writings have shown great vigour and force. Two additional posthumous works by Dr. Hort are to be published, one of them "Village Sermons," the other on "The Early History of the Ecclesia." Mr. Joseph Jacobs is to edit a Jewish library, putting in popular form the results of recent investigation on various aspects of Jewish life and thought. Mr. Marion Crawford's new novel is entitled "Taquisara," and Mr. Boldrewood's is "The Sealskin Cloak." The Letters and Remains of R. L. Nettleship are edited by Professor A. C. Bradley, of Glasgow, who contributes a memoir.

The Cambridge University Press.—Among the most interesting announcements are an autobiography of G. B. Airy, Astronomer Royal from 1836-1881. Four new volumes are announced of the Cambridge Old Testament for schools and colleges, three of which are by Presbyterian divines—Dr. Davidson, Dr. Skinner, and Dr. J. S. Black. Professor Swete's Introduction to the Greek Old Testament is announced as in preparation. One of the most important classical announcements is the long-expected edition of the "Equites" of Aristophanes, by Dr. R. A. Neil, of Cambridge. Mr. J. J. Findlay is preparing for the Educational Series a work on Thomas Arnold, his Life at Rugby and Contributions to Education. Mr. Findlay was for some time an assistant master in Rugby School under Dr. Percival.

Messrs. Seeley and Co.—Messrs. Seeley announce the Autobiography of P. G. Hamerton. It goes up to 1859, the year of his marriage, and is followed with a memoir by his wife. The volume contains many of Mr. Hamerton's letters, and others from Mr. Robert Browning, Mr. R. L. Stevenson, and others. The Life and Work of Charles Pritchard is compiled by his daughter. Dr. Welldon has a volume on "The Hope of Immortality," in which he tries to recommend belief in immortality by considerations independent of Christianity.

Elkin Mathews.—Mr. Elkin Mathews announces a new book on the Lambs, by Mr. W. C. Hazlitt, making the author's fourth work on the subject, and a very welcome book of poems by Canon Dixon, whose connection with Rossetti is well known.

Messrs. A. and C. Black.—Messrs. A. and C. Black announce a re-issue of Professor Masson's De Quincey, in half-crown volumes, bound in art canvas. Among their new books are "The Influence of the Scottish Church in Christendom," by Professor Henry Cowen of Aberdeen; a work on Sicily by Mr. Douglas Sladen; a new story by Mr. Ascott R. Hope, and another by Mr. Andrew Horne. They also announce a work on Hebrew Proper Names, by Mr. G. B. Gray, of Mansfield College, Oxford.

Messrs. Cassell and Co.—Messrs. Cassell's most important work is of course Mr. J. M. Barrie's "Sentimental Tommy," which has been very largely subscribed for. Mr. Max Pemberton's new novel, "A Puritan's Wife," breaks into a new field. Sir Richard Temple's story of his life will be in two volumes, and describes both his Indian career and his experiences in the House of Commons. Mr. Stockton's new book is entitled "Mrs. Cliff's Yacht," and Mr. Clark Russell's "What Cheer!" Mr. Hornung's new novel is "The Rogue's March."

Messrs. A. D. Innes and Co.—Messrs. Innes will issue "The Lute of Apollo," an essay on music, by Clifford Harrison, and the first volume of the Isthmian Library, a series of volumes on Sport, edited by Max Pemberton. The first is on Rugby Football, by Mr. B. Fletcher Robinson, nephew of Sir J. B. Robinson, of the *Daily News*. We understand it promises to sell excellently. Messrs. Innes will also publish the following new novels:—"Limitations," by E. F. Benson. "The Lower Life," by Francis Gribble. "Lying Prophets," by Eden Phillpotts. "Tomalyn's Quest," by G. B. Burgin. "The Changeling of Brandlesome," by Roma White. "Leeway," by Howard Kerr. "The Mystery of Elias G. Roebuck," by W. L. Alden.

Mr. John Lane.—Probably Mr. Lane's best book for the autumn is Mr. Le Gallienne's "The Quest of the Golden Girl." He again announces poems by Theodore Watts Dunton, and also a volume of poems by Mr. A. C. Benson. Mr. Gabriel Setoun's long announced book, "The Child's World," is about to appear. Among other volumes of poetry are works by Laurence Housman and the poems of E. C. Lefroy, which were so much admired by Mr. Symonds. Mrs. Meynell has at last, after much perplexity, fixed upon "The Darling Young" as the title of her book on children, which is mainly reprinted from the *Album*. Miss Menie Muriel Dowie's new book, "The Hint o' Hairst," was printed originally in *Chambers' Journal*.

Messrs. Archibald Constable and Co.—Messrs. Constable make a splendid start with their complete uniform edition of the works of George Meredith in 32 volumes. They are sold only in sets, of which there are one thousand. Their edition of Boswell's Life of Johnson is to be in six volumes at 2s. net per volume. Mr. Augustine Birrell has undertaken it. They are also printing an edition of the books of the Bible in separate volumes, commencing with the Book of Psalms. They announce novels by Miss D. Gerard, Mr. Charles Charrington, and Miss Fiona Macleod.

David Nutt.—Mr. Nutt announces "The Book of Wonder Voyages. Retold and Edited with Introduction and Notes by Joseph Jacob." He also announces "Australian Legendary Tales," "Maori Legends," "Fairy Tales from the Isle of Rügen," and an edition of the original text of "Don Quixote." It will be very small, but choicely printed. Mr. W. A. Dutt announces what ought to be an important pamphlet on George Borrow in East Anglia. Mr. Dutt has been able to recover much of Borrow's life in his early days, and when he returned to his native district.

Messrs. Methuen.—Messrs. Methuen announce "Poems and Ballads," by "Q"; a Life of Napoleon Bonaparte, by Mr. Baring Gould; a Translation of Victor Hugo's Letters; "The Carissima," by Lucas Malet; "A Child of the Jago," by Arthur Morrison; "In the Great Deep," by J. A. Barry; "Monologues of the Dead," by G. W. Steevens. Mr. Baring Gould, in addition to his "Dartmoor Idylls," will issue "Guavas the Tinner." The second and long-expected volume of Messrs. Methuen's fine edition of Gibbon is announced. Among their theological works will be the Introduction to the History of Religion, by Dr. Jevons.

Messrs. Bliss, Sands and Foster.—Messrs. Bliss, Sands and Foster will issue their extremely cheap and excellent edition of the "Falstaff" Shakespeare, which is likely to be one of the most permanently popular on the market. They have arranged for the publication of a new book by Mr. Crockett, but it will not appear this season.

Messrs. H. S. Nichols and Co.—Messrs. H. S. Nichols announce "Daphnis and Chloe" and "The Nude in Art," both books magnificently illustrated, and got up to sell at four guineas each. They also announce a cheap edition of "Celebrated Crimes," by Dumas; and a translation which is said to be the first complete version of Bouvard and Pecuchet, by Gustave Flaubert.

Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein and Co.—Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein announce as usual some important works in philosophy, the chief being translations of Wundt's "Ethics and Physiological Psychology." They will complete Lea's "History of Auricular Confession" by the issue of the third volume. Amongst their scientific works will be books on Fishes and Mammalia in the "Young Collector" series, by Rev. H. A. Macpherson. In history they will publish a History of England to the Death of Stephen, by Sir James Ramsay. In art they announce a Life and Letters of Millet, by Julia Cartwright. Among their educational works is a First Greek Reader and Writer, by Dr. J. E. Sandys.

Messrs. J. M. Dent.—Messrs. Dent will complete the "Temple" Shakespeare with the Poems and Sonnets, and they are to commence the issue of the "Temple" Dramatists. They will also commence a series entitled the "Temple" Classics, the first volume of which will be Wordsworth's "Prelude." They will publish an edition of Walton's "Complete Angler," edited by Mr. Lang and illustrated by E. J. Sullivan. Kate Greenaway's Almanack and Diary for 1897 will also be published by them. And not the least important of their works is "The Wheels of Chance," by H. G. Wells. Many people regard Mr. Wells as the best of the young writers, and "The Wheels of Chance" as his best book.

Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co.—Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co. have an attractive list. "Rodney Stone," by Dr. Conan Doyle, is sure of a very wide popularity. The Life and Letters of Sir Charles Hallé is in the press. A very welcome announcement is that of a new and cheap edition of Symonds' "Renaissance in Italy." A new volume by Mr. Seton Merriman and Mr. S. C. Tallentyre is entitled "The Money Spinner, and other Character Notes." If we mistake not, some of these appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine*, where they deservedly attracted attention. They will also publish the complete works of Robert Browning in two volumes at 7s. 6d. a volume. Each volume will contain about 750 pages bound in cloth, gilt top, with a portrait frontispiece. The works will be edited and annotated by Mr. Birrell and Mr. F. G. Kenyon. This edition will be very gratefully received.

Messrs. Sampson Low and Co.—Messrs. Sampson Low have put Mr. Blackmore's "Perlycross" in the Standard half-crown series. They announce immediately a biography of Joseph Thomson, the African explorer, by his brother, the Rev. J. B. Thomson, of Greenock. They will also issue a fourth and revised edition of Mr. Stuart Reid's Life and Times of Sydney Smith, with additional letters and anecdotes.

POETRY.

A PSALM OF LOVE.

Dreadful and lovely, very stern and kind,
Came a vast angel, winnowing down the wind:
A raiment as of lightnings veiled his form;
And when he spoke, his whisper drowned the storm.

I cried, and fell before him on the ground,
"Love, Love the long desired, at last is found!"
Then swiftly sped to clasp his awful feet,
Knowing that Love, though linked with Death, were sweet.

But he laughed loud across the breathless air,
"Fool, draw not near me: knowest thou not Despair?"
Yet unappalled to find my fate I came,
—And would have come unshodden over flame.

Wherefore he, smiling, murmured in mine ear,
"Learn, thou whose love of Love has cast out fear,
Love *is* Despair, since Love began to be,
But Love's new name awaits eternity."

Since then we twain across the lands have trod,
As o'er the Syrian fields men walked with God:
O Love eternal! sacred still Despair!
Awful and gracious! most austerely fair.

G. A. D.

NEW WRITERS.

BENJAMIN SWIFT.

THE author of "Nancy Noon" is a young Scotchman, who was born in Glasgow, July 29th, 1871. He has thus just completed his 25th year. His father, who was an eminent physician in Glasgow, died when the new author was two years old. "Benjamin Swift" is a pseudonym. He received his early training in Glasgow; and, at the age of seventeen, he was sent to school in Lausanne, where he acquired a knowledge of French. On his return, he entered Glasgow University, where he passed through the Arts curriculum and soon won for himself a reputation for his literary gifts. He was a constant contributor to the *University Magazine*, and became one of the editors. Although he took no part in the political life of the University, he became a leader in philosophical and literary debates; and his speeches were described as among the most eloquent ever delivered in the University. In the literature class of the late Professor Nichol, he was awarded a high place. He studied philosophy under Professor Caird, the present Master of Balliol, from whom he received high testimonials. In 1894 he graduated M.A. with first class honours in Philosophy, and was awarded a scholarship, which he still holds. Before graduating, he gained the Rectorial Prize of the Lord Rector, Mr. A. J. Balfour, for an essay on Progress, which Mr. Balfour read and praised highly. After graduating, Mr. Swift proceeded to Meran, where he studied German with such success that Professor Ficke, the celebrated philologist, of Breslau, expressed surprise at his rapid acquisition of that language. But Mr. Swift's interest in foreign languages and literatures led him still farther afield, and last winter he spent some months at the monastery of Monte Oliveto, near Siena, where he studied Italian. It is, perhaps, this attempt to get into the stream of European thought which makes him say in a note to Nancy Noon that Scotland is a country of which he knows less than he ought. "Nancy Noon" bears the date—Monte Oliveto, January, 1896. The last chapters were written amid the silence of that wonderful Tuscan landscape, in one of the cells of the old monastery which M. Paul Bourget describes with so much charm in his

Photographed by] [*Warneke, Glasgow.*

BENJAMIN SWIFT.

"Sensations d'Italie." It is understood that Mr. Swift has almost completed a new novel, to be called "The Tormentor." He is said to be nursing an ambition to write a large work on the Interpretation of History. This will bring him back to his early philosophical studies.

THE READER.

A LETTER ON HISTORICAL NOVELS PAST AND PRESENT.

To the Editor of The Bookman.

Dear Sir,—At the age of eighteen, or thereabouts, I had read Sir Walter Scott's novels so often and so thoroughly that there seemed nothing left in them for me. I had sucked them dry, and I turned away to other things, never doubting, however, that the "Wizard of the North" was the greatest of novel-writers. To this conviction I remained constant for a long time; it lost definiteness in my mind, no doubt, as years went on, but it continued to be a rule for me that nobody would ever touch Scott. At last, when I was perhaps twenty-five, chance set me to reading him again—and to my amazement, it was a difficult task. I did not abandon it lightly; I toiled honourably and doggedly at each of the old pet quartette of my boyhood, "Quentin Durward" and "The Talisman," "Ivanhoe" and "Kenil-

worth," but they said nothing whatever to me. Possibly, I thought, this was a juvenile class which I had outgrown, and so I essayed "Old Mortality," "The Heart of Midlothian," and others which had won respect rather than affection in my childhood. But no; they were equally impossible. With much sadness, but no self-distrust, I concluded that Sir Walter had been a vastly overrated man. It was plain that he could be no hero to thoughtful and enlightened critics of mature years, and I fancy that I said so in print. We are so very old at twenty-five!

Now, after another and much longer interval, I have read my Scott once more, and now the marvel to me is that I could have been such an ass in the middle distance, so to speak. I have come to a time of life when one is warned that tastes and fancies are no longer blown lightly this way and that; when prejudices are palpably hardening and crusting in one's mind, and one's likes and dislikes present themselves as steadfast companions for all that remains of the voyage. If I am not conspicuously wiser than I was, I am at least much wearier. For my sins—and my living—I have had to read practically all the "historical" fiction produced in England during the past dozen years. Conceivably, it is not so plain an affair of cause and effect as my words would suggest, but this I know, that each time I go to Edinburgh, with the added burden of another year's contemporary "costume" fiction on my nerves, a stronger impulse tugs at me to kneel before the Waverley memorial, and put dust on my head, and publicly abase myself in shame and contrition.

Four English writers who were born during the period intervening between "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" and "Waverley" (1805-14) wrote historical novels, which impressed the two generations succeeding that of Scott, and which keep in some measure their hold upon the public of our day. Of these four Bulwer was the oldest by only a little, but measured by his work he seems very much further off. His "Last Days of Pompeii" is still treated as a classic by the non-classical public, probably more on account of its theme than its merits as a piece of work, but "The Last of the Barons" deserves more readers than it gets nowadays—though I am told Bulwer is coming into fashion again. In point of years Thackeray comes next, with a "Henry Esmond" and a "Virginians" (the latter much sniffed at by our superior critics of twenty-five), which are imperishable literature. I shrink from saying as much for "A Tale of Two Cities," which is nowadays carried along more by the fact that it belongs in the set of Dickens than by its individual value, yet who is writing such vivid drama, in any kind of setting, archaic or otherwise, for us to-day? And then there is Reade's "Cloister and Hearth"—that superb kinetoscopic panorama of fifteenth century life in the Netherlands, Burgundy and Rome, which is as surely alive as any book in our language.

These four men were boys while the Scott legend was in actual process of creation. They felt the magic of the spell he wrought upon the English mind, at first hand, and they must all have been profoundly influenced by it. Bulwer is the only one who was impelled to imitation; you can see that he analysed Scott's methods of work, and strove to build up his structures after the same plan. His contemporaries, G. P. R. James and Harrison Ainsworth, were also imitators of the Waverley method, but they worked without genius or sound taste, and produced only stuff which lettered folk are glad not to have to know. But Bulwer imported qualities of his own into his work which individualise it, and make a place for it on our shelves, albeit somewhat out of reach. It is impossible to use the word "imitation" at all with the other three. We feel that Scott must have made a tremendous impression upon the lads Thackeray, Dickens, and Reade, who were respectively twenty-one, twenty, and eighteen when the great man died, but each in turn, when he had learned his craft at other work, turned to the historical scenario which most appealed to him, and made a book which was perhaps more fully saturated with his own personality than anything else he ever did.

Another group brings us a generation further away from Scott. It may begin with Charles Kingsley, who was born the year after "Waverley," and end with Mr. J. H. Shorthouse, who came into this life only fifteen years later, although his belated appearance in literature makes the association seem unnatural. Here enters the didactic school, the people who are preachers as well as artists. "Hereward," "Hypatia," and "Westward Ho!" are fine pieces of work, but it is impossible to escape the sermons and moral tags with which they are loaded. Upon their heels comes "Romola," an extraordinary mosaic of archæological research and intuition, and a powerful study of human motives and passions as well, but to be thought of most of all as a preachment. As for "John Inglesant," who could make his way through it without recalling how the tireless figure in the pulpit used to recede, expand, disappear, and loom again before the drowsy eyes of childhood? "Lorna Doone," which belongs to that period, shines out in blessed exception like a planet against a steely sky of ethical purpose and transcendental mysticism.

And was it "Lorna Doone," I wonder, that changed the drift in historical fiction? The book, after it was once introduced to public attention by that comic accident which no one can blame Mr. Blackmore for grinding his teeth over, achieved, as it deserved, one of the great successes of our time—and great successes set men thinking. A long gap, in the matter of dates, at least, separates "Lorna Doone" from "Micah Clarke," but nothing of importance intervenes, and I catch a certain elusive suggestion of a relationship between them. It is a misfortune of Dr. Doyle's to be often vaguely recalling something else to the reader's mind, but it is my purpose here only to fix upon his "Micah Clarke" as beginning the period of historical fiction in which we still welter. It was the product of his amateur days, and even now, when he is perhaps the busiest, and certainly the best paid professional writer in England, it remains his only good historical novel. I know others who prefer "The White Company," but to me the choice is unintelligible. The earlier book is fresh and natural, and its action is developed by people of genuine flesh and blood, whose names you can remember and whose personalities interest you. But who can recall a single name in "The White Company" a week after the book has been read? And is it not redolent on every page of laborious note-books, of archaisms carefully dug up, of chronicles ransacked, and of heraldic and armorial authorities catalogued and one by one ticked off?

And there was to be a further descent. "The Refugees" might be cited, but there is something much more to the point. Have you read "Brigadier Gerard"? To what class of readers can such a work be addressed? Can one imagine Thackeray or Reade, or even Henry Kingsley, gravely presenting Napoleon, on the eve of his being sent to Elba, as concerned about burying his marriage certificate and the record of his son's birth, in order to safeguard the future prospects of his dynasty? I repeat, what class of readers is it who assume that the validity of a marriage between an Emperor and the daughter of an Emperor is dependent on the production of a paper? The receipt for the gunpowder burnt on the occasion of the King of Rome's birth might as well have been saved in proof of his legitimacy as the parchment which Brigadier Gerard helps the Emperor to secrete, after he has risked life and shed blood to rescue it.

This is indeed the question raised now by almost every new "historical" novel: for what uninformed and elementary intelligences has this feast been prepared? Consider "The Courtship of Morrice Buckler," for example. A bright and brisk enough narrative, certainly, but written in such slipshod hasty carelessness that the heroine who in September does not understand a word of English, comes to London the following June and moves in the highest society, speaking fluent and idiomatic English, without a hint of an accent. The author merely forgot to arrange this little hitch; the character of his heroine was of such infinitesimal importance to him, by comparison with the rushing drama of horses ridden to death and precipices scaled at midnight by foot-breadth ledges, that the trivial question of her nationality escaped attention. Mr. Mason is a very young man, and he appears to have talent. The fact that he seems to know nothing whatever of history renders it doubtful whether the historical novel is his most obvious mission in literature, but it is probably within his power to some day write a good book. If he set to work at a study of what he knows and sees about him, he would not dream of galloping through his task in this headlong and unreflecting fashion. But he sees by the bookstalls, and the gossip about spreading editions and swollen receipts, that with the "historical" novel no knowledge or care or self-restraint is necessary. For the "historical" novel anything is good enough. And when a practised writer of reputation, like Mrs. Hodgson-Burnett, accepts this view, and is not ashamed to offer such a book as "A Lady of Quality" to the public, perhaps it is not strange that beginners like Mr. Mason should be full of it.

I am not denying, of course, that much scholarship and writing-talent and dignity of aim go to make up a book like "A Monk of Fife," but it does not seem like a novel to me, and I do not understand that the public have treated it as belonging to popular fiction. Mr. Gilbert Parker's "Seats of the Mighty" shows a notable grubbing for facts, which he enforces by portraits and old woodcuts that give the work the semblance of a memoir; but by his process, the facts only get in the way of the novel, and the novel makes an unintelligible hash of the facts. When you read "The Virginians," you perceive the minutest shades of temperamental difference which distinguished American colonists from Englishmen, and even Whigs from Tories among the colonists. That is the art of the novelist. The differences between Englishmen and colonists on one side, and Frenchmen and French Canadians on the other, were a thousand times more marked; but Mr. Parker displays no power of distinguishing them. The Virginian who is supposed to tell the story is in no way differentiated from the gentlemen and officials of Quebec whom he is among. He is not more convincing as a Virginian than he would have been as an Armenian. Mr. Weyman, too, gets up his backgrounds with considerable pains, but to the generation which was nourished on the familiar old Routledge translations of Dumas, it is not possible to contrive much interest in Mr. Weyman. I confess to have lifted my eyebrows in astonishment when he told an interviewer, a few years ago, that he went to France for his subjects because there was no romance in English history! He stood as he spoke, too, within sight of Ludlow Castle — the splendid scene of half-a-dozen romances more moving than anything belonging to the whole artificial and empty post-renaissance period with which he concerns himself. I am ready to believe that there is genuine stuff in Mr. Marriott-Watson's "Galloping Dick," as well as a profound knowledge of the chap-book argot, but unhappily I have no feeling for highwaymen. "The Splendid Spur" was pretty, but it was the merest fragment; one could imagine the author doing five more like it, equally pretty, equally trivial, within the year.

I have not spoken of Stevenson, partly because the tragic breaking-off of "Weir of Hermiston" is still so keen a grief to me, that I turn from writing of it as if it had been a personal bereavement. That lofty beginning of a great book makes a natural overture, however, to the few remaining words I want to say. Here at least was a man who did not write down to a public with whom he could not imagine himself eating, and whose ignorance he could only guess at. The most strictly "historical" of his finished works, "The Master of Ballantrae," was written over and over and over again, taken to pieces, re-arranged, changed from the third to the first person, etc., through a space of time probably exceeding that which Mr. Weyman, for example, has given to the actual writing of all his books combined. This was the spirit in which the big books were written, in the days before the historical novel was a money-making business, and when an author expended all his learning and skill and strength on an historical work for his own credit rather than that of his banking account.

As might be expected, the influence of Stevenson has been most marked upon the young Scotch writers—but even here it has given an impetus without providing brakes. I am not at all keen about Mr. Crockett's usual work, but his "Raiders" strikes me as being the best "historical" novel, aside from Stevenson, that the decade has produced. It is at once boldly imaginative and dignifiedly restrained. The people in it have been thought out; the story proceeds from them, instead of sweeping over and through them like a whirlwind out of the darkness. Yet here, too, we have an example of the finest work coming first—the fruit of the years during which the devout amateur longed and hoped and cherished high ambitions. The descent from "The Raiders" to "The Grey Man" is much less violent than the drop from "Micah Clarke" to "Brigadier Gerard,"

but it is a descent, none the less. Mr. Crockett has caught the infection, and, alas, has done his share in spreading it. He is writing, like the rest, for the crowd which pushes up editions, and not for the honest approbation of those whom, in his heart, he respects as competent judges.

Yet the young Scotchmen whom Stevenson set to work are on the whole much nearer the mark than the Englishmen I have mentioned. They have at least the true tradition, and one can only pray that its power over them may wax as time goes on. Eighty years ago the fictional side of English literature was in melancholy ruins, when Scott came with his great talent to purify, renovate, expand and build afresh. Now we are in a bad way again, and especially so in the very department which he made his own. Some things we do better than they were done in his time, no doubt, but in the matter of the historical novel we have lapsed below even the G. P. R. James-Reynolds-Ainsworth level. If we may not hope for another Scott, at least we may plead with our young craftsmen to think over the story of his achievement, to examine again what it was that he did, and the means by which he did it, and to search in the right spirit for the lessons his work can teach them.—I am, dear Editor, sincerely yours, MAZARIN.

THE BOOKS I CAN REACH WITHOUT RISING.

I AM asked to say something about the particular heresies of my own bookshelves. Now I would much rather expose the heresies of other people's. Indeed, the worst of my own bookish unorthodoxies are mere peccadilloes. Whereas the heresies of some others I could mention are nothing short of crimes.

For instance, I know a library of a Person residing on the Northern Heights of Hampstead. And though I would gladly use milder language, I am yet compelled to say that the iniquities of this Person's library are enough to produce feelings of disgust and contempt in the mind of every right thinking lover of good order and a Conservative Government in the realm of Bookland.

It is indeed a library, if so it may be called that shape hath none. There are, true it is, many books, but no two books upon a kindred subject ever stand together. I find the first volume of "Shirley" on the shelf by the fire, ready to my hand. But the second is in the coal-cellar—and as for the third, ask of the wanton, wandering winds!

Indeed, the only discoverable general principle which underlies this derangement, is that a pleasing diversity should be obtained by scattering the volumes of the Encyclopædia in as many different rooms as possible. The owner states, it is true, that all this chaos is bound and conditioned by a Higher Law. Which may be the case. But if so, the Higher Law has obviously been administered with a pitchfork wielded by the hands of the scullery maid.

But to my own muttons. As I understand it, the present Editor wishes me to state what parts of my bookshelf territory I pass with a cold homage, though ruled by eminently respectable sovereigns—what nooks and corners I love to linger in, though the reverse of improving to the mind and moral sense, and in fact generally to give myself away to a superior kind of the decimating Birthday Book Confession fiend.

So the worst had better come first and be done with it. I own twenty thousand books—most of them paid for. I love the assembling of them together. I even read some of them at times. Therefore I cannot claim to be any true bibliophile, who but seldom pays for his treasures and never reads them.

All the people in the world may be divided into two parts—those who can read books printed in black letter, and those who would rather not. The latter are somewhat the more numerous class.

Now practically speaking, to read anything in black letter affords me pleasure—always barring monkish Latin. Somehow I love the serried, thorny ranks of the letters, hustling one another like pikemen manning a rampart. I love the smell of the crumbs of an age coeval with Shakespeare which breathes from the opened leaves. It even pleasures me to see the yellow grease mark, which tells that there may Francis Bacon, a young and promising student, escaping from the austerities of Mistress Anne Cooke to lie prone on his face and eat stolen cakes over a forbidden volume of free-lived verse deep hidden in some orchard close, have dropped a crumb of his pasty and tried unsuccessfully to blow the fragments out between the leaves. In vain, for some of them are there yet. And lo! on the flyleaf is the unformed signature "Fran. Bacon," the sign-manual of the hand that afterwards penned the "Essays" and the "Advancement of Learning." The volume of songs and catches is thumbed at all the doubtful pages, and though part of the yellowing may have been the work of later generations, there is no doubt in my own mind that some of it at least is due to the thumb of "Fran. Bacon," student of law at Gray's Inn.

Now there are in the world people so ridiculously matter of fact as to assert that they can learn as much from the late Mr. Dick's shilling Shakespeare as from a first folio itself, complete and untouched, from the Poetical Address to the reader to the last unmended leaf. Why such infidels are permitted to live, and so many comparatively harmless rascals taken to the gallows on cold mornings, it is difficult to understand in a law-abiding country.

To me my folio, my copy of "Royal Ben" in the original binding, my Skelton's "Don Quixote" of the first issue, are wands wherewith to conjure me into the realms of imagination. I find few things so stimulating.

Only to dip into one of them causes me to see old window-seats, diamond-paned windows innocent of clarity, all lumped and whorled like the bottoms of green bottles, and golden lads curled up there, reading of an enchanted world. I discern green garden pleasaunces wherein maids wander free-foot, or rest with gentle Sidney, his "Arcadia," "now for the fourth time published with sundry new additions of the same author." It is a shapely and small quarto—light and pleasant to handle, and the maid who dropped these three leaves of ash within my copy had better literature, than she would often chance upon in the weekly box from the circulating library.

A whole world of contingencies throngs upon me out of the form and manner of a book as it came first from the press, instinct with the hopes and fears of the writer. Over this slim, square volume, or one exactly like it, a certain "Poem in Ten Books," the author—one John Milton—bent his sightless eyes. They "rowled in vain" from signature to signature to catch a glimpse of the clear, noble printing of that very excellent craftsman, Mr. S. Simmons.

I see the fingers which had written so many fiery pamphlets following the ridged lines along the page, and in my

heart there rises, as I am sure there was in the old man's blind eyes, the dim suffusion of veiling tears.

Then, again, there are other books to which I go often — all those quaint, indecorous old travels which my good friend Mr. Frank George, of Bristol, has been at great trouble to collect for me. For he alone seems to have the secret of their whereabouts—cut-and-thrust adventures on the Spanish Main, 'scapes though moving seaward accidents, the chase of the silver fox over the snows of Labrador or of Indians across the plains of the west. Noble literature these travels are, and mighty restorers of a jaded vocabulary. For they are full of fresh adjectives and unhackneyed substantives. The records of old trials may perhaps be more amusing. There is the very detailed account of "The Murder of the Red Barn" up there. I keep that to the front for austere moralists—stern and relentless critics, dignified ecclesiastics. I draw their attention casually to it. I remark that it is "distinctly curious," but that of course it can have no interest for them. Then I go out, and in half an hour I return somewhat hurriedly in search of a dictionary.

"The Murder of the Red Barn" is not in its place.

There are yet other baths of fresh diction to which I even more often resort — the earlier English chronicles, the volumes of the *Scot's Magazine* before 1750, John Wesley's writings, and especially the volumes of the *Arminian Magazine* in which his hand appears. I give these away fearlessly, knowing well that no one of my tribe will have patience to track me into the wood of verbiage, tangled and obscured, through which I have blazed a way. Then comes the Reverend Cotton Mather of the good town of Boston in New England, who was eminently a man who had new words—that very great but quite unappreciated poet Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Hume of Godscroft, the Paston Letters. These and their like are more to me than the miles of names chronicled in Morley's English Literature.

Finally, I love the legends and the gossips of all the ages—Pepys (of course), Horace Walpole, the French memoirists, the lives of all the scoundrels that ever were, cookery books, the little volumes of the "Scots Acts," the dignified club-books of the Bannatyne, Maitland, Spalding, and Roxburgh Clubs—with a good word also for the Camden, both because their volumes are pleasantly light to hold and also because their editors have not been afraid to make them interesting and so dare the anger of the antiquary.

There is also a great deal of good reading in the Bible.

S. R. Crockett.

MR. W. M. ROSSETTI.

From an unpublished drawing of Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

COPYRIGHT AT HOME.

I.

THE resolutions of the International Copyright Congress at Berne last month that the domestic copyright laws of Great Britain and Germany need reform might well be carried *nemine contradicente*. With equal truth and better taste a much more comprehensive criticism might have been passed. We are not aware of the existence of any domestic code which is worth bragging about. Nothing can, however, be said in defence of our present law of copyright, although the tardiness with which its reconstruction has been dealt with is not the fault of the lettered interests, which have been incessant in their demand for legislative consolidation for fifty years. During the last six months sub-committees of the Society of Authors, the Publishers' Association, and the Copyright Association, acting in concert with a considerable number of dramatists and theatrical managers, have been deliberating upon the form their claims should now take. A draft Bill has for some time been under consideration, and united action will probably be agreed upon for next Session. The resolution of the Berne Congress was, therefore, to some extent superfluous, but it will possess a real utility if it helps to bring home to the authorities the fact that the British Copyright laws are a byword. It is not easy to be sanguine that any Bill, however strongly supported, will meet with much of a welcome in Parliament. Copyright is a question which the official mind will only regard as belonging to the *paullo post futurum*. The immemorial policy of the Board of Trade is to promptly pigeonhole all and sundry resolutions, memoranda, bills, or petitions relating to it as a whole or in part. Sooner or later, it will have to be decided whether the dilatoriness of a Department shall be allowed to perpetuate a national scandal and injuriously affect an immense and a growing interest. Meanwhile it may be timely to consider the question in brief outline.

Two attempts at a Code have been made within the last decade. In 1886 a draft founded on Lord John Manners' Bill of 1879—the measure which was framed upon the Report of the Royal Commission of 1878—was prepared by the Society of Authors, supported by the Copyright Association and representatives of the artistic and dramatic interests, and lodged with the Board of Trade. But that body was so much occupied with the preparations of the Bill that ultimately became the International and Colonial Copyright Act, 1886, that it had no time to spare for the consideration of a measure of integral reform. It is not surprising that the Bill they did pass, in order to make the Berne Convention operative, with a fatuity which seems inevitable in a copyright statute, differed in terms from the Convention itself, while the Order in Council of the 28th November, 1887, in turn introduced further discrepancies. In 1890, again, when Lord Monkswell introduced the revised consolidation Bill into the House of Lords, the second reading was sanctioned on the preposterous understanding that it should not be further proceeded with. This is the high-water-mark of all recent attempts at legislation.

In Copyright, as in most matters in which reform is in the air, the difficulty is where to begin. It will, however, hardly be disputed that an initial necessity is an intelligible and expeditious procedure. It is a crowning scandal that in so many cases of infringement the form which proceedings should take is absolutely uncertain. Injunctions are ticklish things to tackle, it is seldom so clear as it should be that this is the remedy to pursue, and there is a growing reluctance to grant injunctions, whether interim or absolute. An action for damages is so beautifully doubtful a remedy, even where it lies, in so technical a matter as a breach of copyright, that it is not to be wondered at that plaintiffs should almost prefer piracy. It is again not very comforting to an author who considers himself aggrieved by the publication of, for example, an abridged and garbled version of his work, to learn that his proper remedy is by action for libel. In the same way the inglorious uncertainty which exists as to the remedies to be pursued by the owners of paintings, sculpture, photographs, calls for drastic adjustment. There is no reason whatever why more summary remedies should not be provided. Copyright owners are seldom vindictive, and since their primary object is the protection of their property, summary proceedings conditioned in moderate penalties would often satisfy them and obviate the necessity for taking the opinion of the Court as to the precise form in which a remedy should be sought. The piracy of a book or an article, the unauthorised reproduction of a picture, the illicit performance of a dramatic piece, the misappropriation of a copyright photograph could, with due safeguards, often be summarily dealt with, and the mere fact that such a remedy existed would go far to deter delinquents who now trade upon the uncertainties of practice. There are dozens of cases in the law reports in which there was no doubt whatever that a wrong had been committed. In many this was not even denied. The only question to be settled was the precise form in which the remedy should be sought for. To so strengthen the Courts as to enable them to amend "errors" such as these, instead of reviving memories of past legal scandals by sending plaintiffs elsewhere, seems elementary, and we cannot believe that such a demand would have a single opponent outside the Board of Trade.

The present law concerning copyright consists partly of common law principles to be found only by searching the Reports of the last hundred years, partly of rules resting upon custom, and partly of isolated statutory regulations. The eighteen copyright Acts which relate to the different branches of the subject are all alike in being execrably drawn, and in nothing else. Passed piecemeal at various times between 1735 and 1888, it was not to be expected that they should possess any great community of purpose. This blemish might have been forgiven if they had been practical and workable measures. But an obscurity as of the nether world runs through the whole series. And this is simply due to the contempt and the slovenliness with which the question has always been dealt with by the Legislature. Signally amongst them all the Copyright Act of 1842, which, for our sins, governs the law of literary copyright to-day, has become proverbial as an example of statutory style and a warning to parliamentary draftsmen.

Not even in the term for which copyright endures—the most fundamental incident of this class of property—has the legislature followed any principle whatever. As everybody knows, in books since 1842, and printed and published musical and dramatic pieces, it extends over the life of the author and seven years, or forty-two years from the date of publication, whichever is the longer period; in music not printed or published, but only publicly performed, on the other hand, nobody knows whether it is not perpetual; in a lecture which is neither printed nor published, it is wholly uncertain; while, when the lecture is printed or published, it endures for life, if this be longer than twenty-eight years. Copyright in engravings lasts for twenty-eight years from publication; in paintings, for the artist's life and seven years; in sculpture, for fourteen years from the first "putting forth or publishing" of the work, or, if the artist live so long, for another such term. Yet there are obviously no such distinctions between these various forms of property as to justify the differences in the period for which they survive, and they do not possess a shadow of justification. To our term of copyright in books it has been objected that the period is not long enough, that inconvenience arises from the expiration of an author's copyrights taking place at different dates, which, owing to the difficulty in verifying the year of publication, it is all but impossible to ascertain. And clearly a period which is amply sufficient to secure "adequate encouragement" to authors in one case may be utterly inadequate in another. If a novelist does not secure a sufficient recompense in a few years it is not very likely that even perpetual copyright would remedy matters much. Historians, philosophers on the other hand, and to these perhaps, in these days of much verse-making, we must add poets, can hardly hope for substantial profits during their lifetime. These and other considerations were fully weighed by the Copyright Commissioners, and they reported in favour of the uniform period of the life of the author and thirty years after his death for all classes of copyright property, that is, an average of the periods adopted by other countries. Thus in France the term is the life of the author and fifty years; in Holland and Belgium life and twenty years; in Austria and Germany life and thirty years; in

Italy life and forty years, or eighty years from publication; in Portugal and Russia life and fifty years; and in Spain, since 1879, life and eighty years. There seems to be a balance of advantage in adopting the suggestion of the Commissioners and abolishing all distinctions between the protection allotted to different kinds of work and in fixing the same term for each class. It is at any rate simply ridiculous to perpetuate the present distinctions. The paramount claims of the public to enjoy the usufruct of copyright property at the termination of a statutory term without further payment to the owner is equally cogent in all cases, or, as some still argue, equally immoral in all.

The distinction in the duration of the right is however only one of many existing anomalies. So numerous are these that it has come to be believed that there are various kinds of copyright. Musical and dramatic works are regarded as subject to a different kind of ownership to works of art, and both in turn are thought to be distinguishable from literary property. Performing right, whether in lectures or musical and dramatic compositions, is looked upon as a thing altogether apart. To do away with all these differences would be an immense gain. Analogy is clearly the only key to the solution of the problem. There is now no sort of homogeneity about the law. What copyright is; what is the subject of copyright; how it can be protected, how infringed, are conundrums. It may seem an exaggeration, but it is true that it would be hard to find two capable authorities agreed as to the nature and incidents of copyright. In one sense it consists of the sole and exclusive liberty of multiplying copies, in another it extends to the idea as well as the form of expression. Again, when the copyright in any work is conveyed, it is more than doubtful what are the relative rights and duties of buyer and seller. Amazing as it may seem to be, property worth many millions of money has changed hands without its limits being definitely ascertained. The difficulty is the utter uncertainty of the law until each case comes up for decision. It is merely idle to generalise.

Registration reform, again, is fundamental, and no measure which fails to embrace this piece of constructive legislation can be adequate. The present system, if system it can be called, is an utter farce, productive of little but confusion worse confounded, and one of the main causes of the commercial disrepute of all forms of copyright property. Thus the registration of books is optional, but after registration actions will lie for antecedent infringement. In the case of paintings, drawings, and photographs, on the contrary, no action is sustainable nor any penalty recoverable in respect of anything done before registration. With sculptures and busts, again, the better opinion appears to be that, since the Patents, Designs, and Trade Marks Act, 1883, registration is not necessary at all. Nor is any registration necessary to vest the copyright of an engraving, while maps, charts, and plans come, probably, under the Literary Copyright Act as well as the Engraving Acts, and may rank as "books," with all the attendant necessity for registration before action. A Christmas card, again, may come under the Engraving Acts, the Copyright Act, 1842, the Act of 1862, or the Patents, Designs, and Trade Marks Act, 1883. Thus it may not be necessary to register it at all, or it may have to be registered as a "sheet of letterpress," that is a "book" under the Act of 1842, under the Act of 1862 as a "painting," and under the Act of 1883 as a "design," an eloquent example of the muddled state of our present practice. Songs and dramatic pieces, again, not printed or published, and lectures need not be registered at all, but if printed and published become "books." But it is needless to labour the point that the present registration system is absolutely nugatory.

A more intricate question, possibly, than the mere machinery to be provided is the principle which shou'd govern registration. If analogy should rule all forms of copyright property both in theory and practice, the question arises whether registration should be compulsory all round? The Royal Commissioners practically advised in the affirmative, the two acts of registration and deposit of copies at the British Museum in the case of "books" being combined, and the official receipt given by the authorities at the British Museum being constituted a certificate of registration. This proposal has the utility of probably reconciling in part those who are opposed to the principle of compulsory registration, because although the registration of books is optional, except as a legal preliminary to proceedings, the deposit of copies is not, and it would be no hardship if a tangible exchange were given for it. It certainly seems to be reasonable that the very solid advantage of registration, defining the extent and duration of copyright as well as to whom it belongs, and disposing once and for all of the vexed question of the date of publication—which is at present quite unascertainable in many cases—should be set off against this heavy and, at present, gratuitous tax. This would not provide for the cases of musical compositions, dramatic pieces, or lectures publicly performed or delivered, but not printed or published, or of engravings, paintings, drawings, or photographs, none of which are delivered at the British Museum. The Royal Commissioners recommended that in all these cases except drawings, paintings, and sculpture, registration should be compulsory, while in the excepted matters, although the undivided ownership might remain unregistered, if the property in the picture, etc., and the copyright, were separated by agreement, they proposed that there should be compulsory registration. There can be no question whatever that if the registration of all copyright property were made analogous to that of shares, ships, or land, an enormous stride would have been taken towards the removal of the slur upon this class of property that it is an intangible and indefinite thing. We must replace the present chaos by a system which shall at once be simple and sure. At the same time it may be questioned whether it would be fair to make registration a condition of an effective copyright. It appears to us that the suggestion which received a qualified support from the Royal Commission, that a copyright owner shall not be entitled to take or maintain any proceedings or to recover any penalty in respect of his copyright until he has registered, and that he should in no case be able to proceed after registration for preceding acts of piracy, would, due facilities being provided, fairly meet the case. It would make the registration of all substantial copyright property universal.

A word must here be said as to registration under the International and Colonial Copyright Act, 1886. It was, no doubt, the intention of the signatories to the Berne Convention that the enjoyment of protection throughout the Union was to accrue upon the accomplishment in the "country of origin" of the formalities required by law in that country to establish a valid title. It is, however, more than doubtful whether this consummation has been effected. So far as "works of art" are concerned it is probably not the case in this country. Mr. Justice Stirling, in the case of "Fishburn *v.* Hollingshead," laid it down that the necessity for registration under the Copyright Acts, as distinguished from the International Copyright Acts, is not removed by section 4 of the Act of 1886, and declared that the "legislation provided jealously that no author of a foreign work should be in a better position in this country than a British author," which certainly throws doubts upon the theory that the Berne Convention has complete force and effect in this country. The Act of 1886, again, expressly extended the Copyright Act to the British possessions, and sanctioned the registration of such works in the possession, if the law of such possession provided for registration. But whether under the Convention a British possession can be the "country of origin," apart from the mother country, remains wholly unsettled. If not, such an absurd conclusion arises as that a work published in New Zealand, for instance, must be registered in New Zealand, in order to secure protection in the United Kingdom and must be registered at Stationers' Hall with deposit of copies to obtain international copyright under the International Copyright Acts. The new registration system must, therefore, to be effective, comprehend all the different subjects of copyright property, supersede all existing statutes and Orders in Council, and, as well as the Copyright Acts, all International and Colonial Acts. This, it may be admitted, is a somewhat large order.

W. Morris Colles.

(To be continued.)

SYMPOSIUM.

MISS CORELLI'S NEW BOOK.*

I.

There can be no doubt that Marie Corelli is one of the most popular authors of the present day, and perhaps the most popular. Her books sell by tens of thousands, and what is more, they seem to influence a large class of readers. There must be something to account for a popularity like this, which has lasted for many years, and is growing rather than declining. Every just critic will believe that there is something to Miss Corelli's credit, and that she could not have obtained her circulation and her power without undeniable gifts. I have only read one of her books, which is the latest, and I think I approached it with a perfectly unprejudiced mind, if in any, with a prejudice in Miss Corelli's favour. It is with regret, but with no shadow of hesitation, that I have come to the conclusion that Miss Corelli's last production does not account in any way for her fame.

The story is very short and simple. It is that of an authoress, Delicia Vaughan, who is "one of the most celebrated women of her time, as well as one of the wealthiest. The house she lived in, built from her own designs, furnished with every luxury, and filled with valuable pictures, curios, and art treasures, was one of the material results of her brilliant brain-work; the perfectly ordered *ménage*, the admirably trained servants, . . . were all owing to her incessant and unwearying labour. . . . She managed everything, from the advantageous disposal of her own manuscripts down to the smallest detail of taste and elegance connected with the daily serving of her husband's dinner. She was never idle, and in all her literary efforts had never yet failed to score a triumph above her compeers." "Whatsoever munificent and glittering 'terms' are dreamed of by authors in their wildest conceptions of a literary El Dorado, were hers to command; and yet she was neither vain nor greedy." "She was also very beautiful, her skin white as a snowdrop, her hair a wonder and an envy, her cheeks delicately flushed, while no 'literary stoop' disfigured her supple back and shoulders." This lady was married to a gentleman with an admirably moulded figure, a handsome face, a dulcet voice, who was attracted by her physical charm, and by the fact that she was "the possessor of a name and fame reaching throughout every part of the British empire, and far across the wide Atlantic, and the independent mistress of such wealth as made his impecunious mouth water!" This hero had three artful devices—"a Beautiful Sullenness, a Dark Despair, and a Passionate Outbreak." With these he stormed "the ivory castle of a pure, studious, and contemplative maidenhood." The two were married, and besides supporting her husband, Delicia paid in half of her receipts, which amounted to £10,000 a volume, to her husband's banking account. The husband, however, is unfaithful, and associates with music-hall stars and depraved ladies of fashion. Delicia finds him out, applies for a judicial separation, makes a new will, in which she allows him £250 a year, and then dies of heart disease. Before dying she shows the strength of her character by rejecting a lover, Paul Valdis, who was a famous actor. Delicia, in spite of her fame, is not happy. "Fame literally translated means slander. Do you think I am not able to estimate it at its true worth? Do you think I am ignorant of the fact that I am followed by the lies and envies and hatreds of the unsuccessful, or that I shut my eyes to the knowledge of the enmity that everywhere pursues me?" There are many ferocious attacks on journalism as it is at present conducted. It appears that great editors are anywhere and everywhere except where they should be—namely, in the editorial room. "They do not like to confess that in their love of pleasure, and their devotion to race meetings and shooting parties, it often happens that the very porters guarding the doors of their offices know more about the staff than they do." The consequence is that the staff do not attend to their work, and "as long as editors and proprietors prefer to caper about at the heels of 'swagger' society instead of attending strictly to their duties and to the grave responsibilities of journalism, so long will the British press be corrupted by underlings, and used for purposes which are neither honourable nor national, nor in any way exact, as reflecting the real current of public opinion." Delicia leaves "all her fortune, together with all future royalties to be obtained from her books, in equal shares among the poverty-stricken of certain miserable London districts." She has a magnificent funeral, and is followed to her grave by thousands.

What is the bond of attraction between Delicia and her worthless husband? It is certainly not spiritual; and as certainly it is not intellectual. For the rest, it is impossible with the best will in the world to find anything to praise in the style of the book. The one thing that makes it interesting is that it has evidently been written in a temper. It is quite impossible that Miss Corelli's great position can have been gained by books like this.

W. Robertson Nicoll.

II.

This, the first work of Miss Corelli's I have read, will not, I hope, be the last. It is with diffidence I write on its high subject, but at least I bring to the task a mind unspoilt by the experience of greater works from her pen—I hear there are such—and also uncommitted to any previous opinion. One test of the power of the book is the failure of its attacks on my profession to ruffle my serenity. The "noodles" and "halfpenny ragamuffins" of the press seemed a natural form of reference to my fellows. The mention of the "unintellectual and impecunious standpoint" of journalists made me blush for my condition, so aptly described; and when she travestied a newspaper paragraph, I owned that the parody of romance has been a not infrequent pastime of reviewers. How could one nurse personal injuries in the presence of Delicia?

Delicia was a woman writer of astounding genius. She supported an idle, unfaithful, aristocratic husband in affluence, till his preference for a dancer was clearly proven. Then Delicia procured a judicial separation, cut her husband off with a paltry two hundred and fifty a year, wrote an immortal work, and died immediately of heart disease.

Where to begin in the contemplation of Delicia? Let us first blink a little before the blaze of her genius. "Something of the spirit of the Immortals was in her blood." She had other and magnificent attractions, but admirers were too dazzled to "see anything but the glow of the spiritual fire burning about her like the Delphic flames around Apollo's priestess." She was lifted high "among the cold pinnacles of fame," and of no parochial fame, either, for she had won "the love of nations." No wonder that the great public gave her a funeral like an Emperor's. Her capacities on a lower plane, too, were extraordinary; as hostess, housekeeper, woman of business, district visitor, her talents were supreme. But why talk of these in connection with an "angel living in a land of dreams," "an austere white angel descended from heaven to earth"? In order to get a clear idea of her moral perfections, I found it a good plan to make two parallel lists of fine qualities generally supposed to be mutually exclusive. Persons in the world, and even heroines of romance, have ordinarily to choose between these. Not so Delicia. She has always both. Thus, "her temper was eminently practical as well as idealistic." She was proud of having "won the love of nations," and so modest, the daily tributes to her genius "passed her by as the merest idle wind of rumour." She had trained herself in the "splendid school of classic philosophy"—which school is not specified—but, mark you, she is also "a devout Christian." She could see through stone walls, and was the most gullible person in the world. Not only does this strange supplementariness (or contradictoriness) run through her moral nature, but her intellect as well. She apostrophises Marcus Aurelius—in very original terms—and quotes the immortal singer Tosti.

Having learnt this much, I had got into the spirit of the thing, I fondly thought. I felt sure that the goddess must be divinely tall, and likewise of the exquisite, elf-like proportions of Titania; that her tresses must put the raven to shame, and have also stolen the ruddy glow from the great Venetian painters; that her beautiful, shapely hands must be made to wield, on occasion, the hammer of Vulcan, and yet be of a size to drive the daintiest Parisienne to despair-

* "The Murder of Delicia." By Marie Corelli. 5s. (Skeffington.)

ing jealousy. Here, I confess, Miss Corelli disappointed me. She seemed a little inconsistent. Delicia's type of beauty is always "ethereal and half elfin"; her husband can span her waist with two hands. Her hair is invariably golden. This hair always rises to important occasions, plays the part of thunder and lightning, in fact, in Adelphi and Maeterlinck drama. It was for the villainous Carlyon, of course, that she took any pains with it, twisting it "in cunning braids and love-locks manifold, arranging it in a soft cluster on her fair forehead after the fashion of the ancient Greeks, and scattering here and there one or two delicate rings about her finely veined temples, as golden suggestions of kisses to be pressed thereon." She has nothing to learn about the *mise en scène* of life. When sorrow is mocked by "a rich evening costume," she dons a dressing-gown that falls "after the fashion of Fra Angelico's angels." When she seeks the consolations of religion, she betakes herself to an ivory crucifix hanging "white against draperies of purple." While her husband was making her his declaration of love, Sarasate was "discoursing suitable love passages," and "the moon smiled." I find that moon very sympathetic.

Of course, a "noodle of the press" cannot stop all the time in Olympian heights. He must gather the few little blunders that have rolled down to the base of the mountain. For 'tis his nature to. So famous was the table of Lady Carlyon that "fastidious *gourmets* sat and gorged themselves to repletion." I fancy she means *gourmands*. In one of her eloquent diatribes against the "upper classes," she makes Society talk bad grammar, but without malicious intent, I find, as she herself repeats the error in "these kind of afternoon teas." While I am on this petty business, I may mention that Edward FitzGerald liked his name to be written correctly, just as my Lord Carlyon was particular about the pronunciation of his. Not being certain whether two immortal poets may be quite reverently classed with compound singulars like bread-and-butter, I have my doubts about "Shakespeare and Milton *redivivus*." But such things don't interest the "nations."

And what is the book about? Delicia was very, very good. Carlyon was very very bad. Sugar is sweet. Pitch is black. Ah; but Literature, she says, is looked down upon by Society, and the aristocratic finger of scorn is pointed at the authoress. Well, why bother about it when the great heart of the public is all right, and its purse open to buy from authoress and publishers their thirties of thousands? And a final inquiry. Are all this beauty, this virtue, this genius wanted before love and admiration can be held to be quite prudent? If Delicia now had had a wooden leg, her case against Carlyon would still have been good enough; and Miss Corelli might almost have been credited with a little idealism.

A. M.

NEW BOOKS.

THE SHADOW OF ARVOR.*

The Gaels of old believed that in the western ocean there was an island called Hy Brasil, where all that was beautiful and mysterious lived for ever beyond the pillars of an unfading rainbow. The legendary romances of Celtdom may be collectively described as the Hy Brasil of literature.

In the Celtic commune there are many legendary tales which, save for the accident of names and local circumstances, are identical. The familiar Highland legend of the children who, bathing in a mountain loch, were carried off by a water-horse, has its counterpart in Connemara, in Merioneth, and in Finistère, though in the Welsh recital the children are the victims of a dragon, and in the Breton legend the monster is a boar. For that matter, this elemental tale has its roots in the east, and Macedonia and the Himalaya retain the memory of what Aryan waggoners told by the camp-fires during their centuries-long immigration into Europe. Whether, however, a given tale be universal or strictly Celtic, it generally has a parallel in one or all of the racial dialects. True, there are legendary cycles which are local. The Arzur of Brittany is a mere echo in the Hebrides, and the name of Cuculain or the fame of the Red Branch has not reached the dunes of Armorica. Nevertheless, even in the mythopoeic tales there is a kindred character. Nomënoë may have been a Breton Fionn, though he had no Oisin to wed his great deeds to a deathless legendary music; and Dermid and Grainne have loved beneath the oaks of Brocelïande or the beech-groves of Llanidris, as well as among the hills of Erin or among the rocky fastnesses of Morven. It is characteristic, too, how Celtland has given to Celtland. Brittany gave Ireland St. Patrick; Ireland gave Scotland St. Columba; the chief bard of Armorica came from Wales; and Cornwall has the Arthurian fame which is the meed of Kymric Caledonia. To this day no man can say whether Oisin, old and blind, wandered at the last to Drumadoon in Arran, or if indeed he followed out of Erin the sweet voice from Tir-na-'nòg, and was seen or heard of by none, till three centuries later the bells of the clerics and the admonitions of Patrick made his days a burden not to be borne. Did not the greatest of Irish kings die by the bank of a Breton river, and who has seen the moss of that lost grave in Broceliande where Merlin of the North lay down to a long green sleep?

Even where there is no probability of a common origin, or of interracial diffusion, there is often a striking similarity in the matter and even the manner of folk-tales, particularly those which narrate the vicissitudes or strange experiences of the saints. Thus, for example, in one of the most beautiful of the legendary stories given in "The Shadow of Arvor" there is an account of how Gradlon, "the honoured chief of Kerne, the monarch who built Ys, and on whose brow were united the crowns of Armorica," having voluntarily become a wandering beggar, arrived at last in the heart of an ancient forest: "towering moss-clad pillars bearing a heavy roof of foliage, full of the mystery of a lone cathedral aisle by night." Here the King vowed to build a great temple, but before he could fulfil his vow he died. Gwennole the monk had missed Gradlon, and had followed him to the forest, to find him there on the morrow, lying on a bed of moss which the fallen leaves had flecked with gold. Near him crouched a human figure. This "figure" was that of Primel the anchorite. Note how the king speaks to the Christian monk Gwennole concerning this ancient hermit. "Have mercy on this poor old man beside me: the length of three men's lives has been his, and he has known the deeps of sorrow. The sorrows which have come upon me are nothing to his; for while I have wept over the fate of my royal city, and while for Ahez my heart has been broken, this man has lost his gods. There is no sorrow that is so great a sorrow. He is a druid lamenting a dead faith. Show him tenderness." Therewith Gradlon dies. Over the dead king "Gwennole murmured a Latin chant; the druid, in a tremulous voice, entoned a refrain in an unknown tongue; and Gradlon, ruler of the sea, slept in that glade watched over by the priest of Christ and by the last surviving servant of Tentates. . . There, amid the majestic solitudes of the forest, the two religions of the ancient race joined hands and were at one before the mystery of death." Later, the druid bids Gwennole build a Christian sanctuary on the spot where "the belated ministrant of a fallen faith" died beside Gradlon Maur, the Great King. One strange touch of bitterness occurs. "But," exclaims Gwennole, "if the sanctuary be reared here, we shall invade thy last refuge." "As for me. . . !" replied the old man; then, after a silence he added, with a gesture of infinite weariness, "it is my gods who should protect me. Let them save me if they can." The dying druid turns away to seek his long rest under his sacred oaks: "Gwennole, his heart full of a tender love and pity which he could not understand, moved slowly towards the sea." Thus ends "Primel the Anchorite" and "The Shadow of Arvor," a fitting close to a book full of interest, charm, and spiritual beauty.

This tenderness towards an alien faith was a characteristic of the Celt in olden days. Even the fiery and militant Columba could discern salvation for a heathen. In the third book of St. Adamnan's life of St. Columba there is an episode entitled "Of a manifestation of angels meeting the

* "The Shadow of Arvor. Legendary Romances and Folk-Tales of Brittany." Translated and re-told by Edith Wingate Rinder. (Edinburgh: Patrick Geddes and Colleagues.)

soul of one Emchath." Columba, "making his way beyond the Ridge of Britain (Drum-Alban), near the lake of the river Nisa (Loch Ness), being suddenly inspired by the Holy Spirit, says to the brethren who are journeying with him at that time: 'Let us make haste to meet the holy angels who, that they may carry away the soul of a certain heathen man, who is keeping the moral law of nature even to extreme old age, have been sent out from the highest regions of heaven, and are waiting until we come thither, that we may baptise him in time before he dies.' Thereafter the aged Saint made as much haste as he could to go in advance of his companions, until he came to the district which is named Airchart-dan (Glen Urquhart)." There he found "the holy heathen man," Emchath by name.

Here, then, is an instance of a Celtic priest in Armorica and of a Celtic priest in Scotland acting towards an upright "heathen" with the like Christian love and charity. A book, or series of books, would be necessary to relate the correspondence between the folk-tales, the traditional romances, and the Christian legends of the four great branches of the Celtic race.

If, however, the reader who approaches Mrs. Wingate Rinder's delightful book with some knowledge of this interrelation of Celtic legend and folk-tale, may have a more intelligent interest in "The Shadow of Arvor," its appeal will still be potent to all who love legendary literature, old-world romance, and that primitive spiritual beauty which is no longer the inheritance of the people at large.

"Arvor" (or "Armor") is the old Breton name of Armorica, the Brittany of to-day. The title, "The Shadow of Arvor," is an excellent one: for even in the stories or legends which are mediæval or modern there is unmistakably the shadow of that bygone Armorica which was one of the remotest sanctuaries of westering Aryan romance. Mrs. Wingate Rinder first attracted attention to her admirable paraphrases (for, while these tales and episodes vary in no essential respect from the structure and substance of the matter retold, they are paraphrases rather than literal translations)—by her "Amel and Penhor" and other tales which appeared in *The Evergreen* or elsewhere. In these many readers found something new and delightful; literary critics noticed the originality and vigour of the style; and specialists, who, of course, knew the sources, were interested in the individuality of the renderings.

The eighteen stories which make up "The Shadow of Arvor" are based upon material collected by several Breton folk-lorists, from Emile Souvestre and Hersart de la Villemarqué to MM. Luzel, Anatole Le Braz, and Henri Eon. Where all are interesting and often fascinating in themselves, and where all are distinguished by the scrupulous and deft workmanship of the translator, it is perhaps invidious to draw special attention to one or two; yet I cannot refrain from mention of "Ronan the Silent" (St. Ronan) and "Primel the Anchorite," which respectively, and most aptly, begin and end the series, "The Menhirs of Plouhenik," "Telen Rumengol," and "Yann the Minstrel."

Only now and again, as in "Sant-Fruoan," are we reminded that Mrs. Rinder is not the author, but the translator; possibly because her rendering is made from a disconnected original. These retellings, in their variety of method and manner, show exceptional capacity for a difficult task. Translation is one thing, verisimilitude in translation is another, and recreative translation is another yet. To the last many may possibly imagine themselves called, but certainly few are chosen. Mrs. Rinder is at her best in the first and last stories, and hardly less convincing or charming in the lighter tales, *e.g.*, "The Groac'h of the Isle of Lok."

She can also paraphrase admirably, as where in "Gwennolaik," or "The Revenge of Neumenoiow," she works upon Villemarqué's dubiously ancient legendary ballads; can tell anew with verve and grace so familiar a tale as "Devil-may-care," that popularised by Souvestre under the title "Sans-Souci"; and can attain a Bunyan-like directness and simplicity in the relation of that Breton "Pilgrim's Progress," "The Voyage of Jannik."

On one point Mrs. Wingate Rinder may expect either approval or emphatic disapproval. In her endeavour to give to these tales a characteristic Celtic atmosphere, she has frankly adopted a style which suggests the Gaelic and not the Breton Celt. There are many idioms in her book which are as native to Ireland as the word "quicken" for the mountain-ash, as native to Scotland as the word "rowan" for the same tree. In parts "The Shadow of Arvor" reads like the rendering into English by a Highlander accustomed to speak or think in Gaelic. Not infrequently this intentional style degenerates into mannerism. "On a day of the days" and "it is for the knowing," and the like, are Gaelic (and old rather than modern Gaelic at that), and are apt to strike a false note away from their proper context. On the main, however, I for one find the style of "The Shadow of Arvor" at once winsome and apt, and so am well content. The justification of any literary means to an end is in the measure of success.

As for the *format* of one of the most fascinating books I have read for a long time, no more need be said than that, within and without, it is a delight to the book-lover.

Fiona Macleod.

PHILIP AUGUSTUS.*

It is not easy to conjecture how Mr. Hutton has succeeded in writing so dull a book on so lively a subject. Let us confess that after wading on to Bouvines we lost courage, and beat a hurried retreat through the later chapters. Beginning with the most sanguine expectations we were soon cooled by the dreariness of the narrative, and baffled by the perpetual repetition and harking back to events which ought to have been picked up on the road. In fact, we felt that instead of getting on with our journey we were always being shunted. The train stopped at all the roadside stations—it must, in fairness, be owned that none were missed—but these are the necessary incidents, rather than the delights of travel. Wait, said we, till we come to the fine scenery and the important stations; surely we shall then find something to see and hear. But, alas! we slacken speed—a glimpse of the well-remembered towers and forts and bridges—we stop—the usual bustle and crowded faces of the platform—and off we are again with nothing added to our former impressions of the scene. But the Crusade! when we get to the Crusade we shall find a buffet. We arrived—we descended—the refreshments were scanty, stale, and indigestible—while we were studying the carte Mr. Hutton blew his whistle—we mounted in despairing protest, and dozed till the journey's end. There, however, we found more to rouse our interest. The last chapter contains a comprehensive and original review of the contemporary histories, and many valuable remarks on the general features of the reign.

The book has much the air of a hasty compilation, whereas its predecessor, the "Richelieu" of Prof. Lodge, was distinctly a historical essay. Mr. Hutton is, doubtless, familiar enough with the original documents, but seems to have compiled from some of the many new French works on the subject—compiled as he went on, from page to page, instead of digesting his matter, and moulding it before taking up the pen. Anyhow, his narrative seems strangely mechanical and lifeless in contrast to his very lively and interesting "Wellesley," which we have just read with delight and profit. It seems but the familiar epitome of the stock French history, just a little pulled out of shape. New and curious facts there are no doubt, but somehow they fail to impress. Is it the result of too assiduous a reliance on the chronicles? Possibly. The chronicles are not the best training or the best models for the young historian. We are apt to be taken in by their specious simplicity and *naïveté*, and to gulp down the most dubious concoctions when they are offered in a charming old thirteenth century *biberon* or *canette*. Take one instance. Mr. Hutton gravely retails as the crowning incident of the siege of Chateau Gaillard a ridiculous fable, without which no siege in chronicles or novels could be complete since the geesee of the Capitol first cackled over it. Nay, if we mistake not, it is as old as Herodotus. We are told how the French having taken the out-lyingort, prepared to attack the main fortress. "Here, besides the ditch, which was more than forty feet deep, cut from the solid rock, the walls were pro-

* "Philip Augustus." By W. H. Hutton. Foreign Statesmen Series. (Macmillan and Co.)

tected by the sharp cliffs from which they rose." "The ditch was here so deep, and the rock upon which the walls rose so precipitous, that . . . its capture seemed impossible." But, as usual, "the skill and daring of one man," etc.—one Snub-nose—"observed"—the proper phrase is *espied*—"a little window which was unbarred"—"taking a few companions he crept down the ditch, crossed it, and climbed the sharp ascent to the foot of the wall. Then standing on a comrade's shoulder," etc.—"his companions followed. They found themselves in the chapel, or a store-room" for the chroniclers here are not agreed. This picturesque old miracle was of frequent, almost habitual occurrence—we believe it none the more for that, and marvel how Mr. Hutton can. Its very details seemed too sacred for the historical embroiderer to vary or improve upon. We always find the besieging army at their wit's end, engineers and all. There they stand for weeks on the brink of that awfully deep precipitous fosse, devouring with their eyes the sheer, smooth, blank wall of the opposite fortress, if peradventure they may discover a crevice or coign of vantage. Quite hopeless; not even a mousehole can they see. Then enters on the scene the "one man," a democratic *rôle*, more or less borrowed from the slinger David, Judith, and other lowly Deliverers—always a common soldier, a peasant, or a small boy, never a general or an engineer. No sooner does the "one man" look at the smooth, blank wall than he "espies" what?—why a parlour window, to be sure, wide open and conveniently near the ground! One might as well have added muslin curtains, geraniums, and a bird-cage. So Snub-nose marshals his comrades; the besieged open the window a bit wider, move the flower-pots out of the way, withdraw all the watchmen from the battlements, and retire to a remote coal-hole so as not to spoil the fun. When the coast is clear, Snub-nose somehow skips like a flea down the forty-foot precipice, somehow swims like a duck across the moat, somehow crawls like a fly or Mr. Whymper up the smooth, steep masonry, and springing somehow on the shoulders of Gontran the Blear-eyed, bows to the audience from the window-sill; whereat we all clap our hands, as well we may. You see how easy it is after all, even the landing from deep water up a sheer wall—that is if you are a chronicler and not a swimmer.

Mr. Hutton has apparently inspected Chateau Gaillard. Did he identify the practicable stage widow? If so, we retract. If not, having studied a good many French castles, we refuse to believe that Richard or even John would have planned a window so near the ground; if they did, it would be too narrow for entrance, and stoutly barred. Still less do we believe that Snub-nose alone espied this staring absurdity, which was magically invisible to the first engineers of Europe who crowded the French camp. How the great fortress was carried we shall never know, because the chronicler, being a man of genius, thought that fiction was better than truth. This is but an instance of what we will call the too scrupulous fidelity with which Mr. Hutton has followed the original authorities. Not that he confines himself wholly to minute details—when he chooses to take a wide survey or summarise the features of a long period, he shows much of the balance and firm touch which attend the thorough mastery of a subject. Nor can we point to any material facts which he has neglected or distorted. The history is all there, only it needs some patience and discrimination to get at it. On the whole, Philip the Warrior and the Politician is adequately pourtrayed, but Philip the Man seems to elude us. Perhaps this is not Mr. Hutton's fault. He evidently distrusts—and justly—the portrait furnished by the ecclesiastical writers; that of the secular panegyrist, which he mainly follows, is probably more or less conventional. Louis the Saint we know; the great Barbarossa we can divine; the French Augustus may never become more to us than a distant acquaintance. Y. Y.

A HISTORY OF MODERN PAINTING.*

Judging from the size of the third volume, this is a very big work. It is not at all a great one, but it is distinctly useful. The industry, of which there is in it such ample evidence, has not been wasted. Indeed, this is not the time to write a great book on the subject. There is still quarrelsome disunity, if not actual war, in the land of art. Revolution mixes up great and little too confusedly for a very much interested contemporary to be proportionate and sane and fair. We have only seen the third volume, and it it is, therefore, impossible to say how complete the work really is. We have found glaring omissions; but then the missing subjects may be dealt with somewhere else. What the other volumes contain not even an advertisement tells a reader. The date of the publication of the work in Germany would also have been an interesting fact. We gather, both from inclusions and omissions in the Bibliography, that it was about 1893-4.

The present volume is divided into two main parts: (1) The Painters of Life, and (2) The New Idealists; and all the European picture-producing countries, as well as America, are treated separately. It is a gigantic task for one man to perform, and one man has evidently done so, except in the case of Russia. It is also an impossible task. Unless the work be divided, there are bound to be many errors of proportion, and a good deal of slipshod judgment. Yet Herr Muther's knowledge is prodigious. To keep an eye not only on Munich, Paris, Glasgow, and London, but on the exhibitions of Stockholm, Copenhagen, and Madrid as well, and to trace and characterise the work of the little followers as well as the leaders, would frighten any save a German. A work like this must perforce be, in part, the result of studio gossip, and of the slightest first-hand acquaintance with a great deal of its subject.

On the whole it is catholic and fair; its attacks—for the criticisms amount to such—on Dagnan-Bouveret, for mawkishness, come as a surprise. Dagnan has his critics, of course, but is there any sense in saying that he does for French painting what Marlitt did for German fiction? This habit of literary comparison, even when there is no malicious intention, has led Herr Muther many times astray. To call Fred Walker the Tennyson of painting is mere nonsense, as absurd as his coupling the names of George Eliot and Swinburne on p. 114. Except in a few cases the shorter characterisations are not very useful, and are sometimes misleading—but the wonder again is they are there in such numbers. It is a puzzling book if we take it all as equally serious; for while the author is evidently heart and soul with the newer schools, sympathetic towards the bolder work of Paris, of the Munich Secession, and of Glasgow, there are numberless conventional judgments which tolerance cannot alone explain; these are probably second-hand opinions gathered from the rumours of established reputations. Good things and bad are the closest neighbours. We are given surprising fulness and startling omissions. Seeing that a reader will come across a goodly number of his painter friends in this volume, and some of these not very shining lights, he has a right to be astonished that Lenbach's name occurs only once, and that in reference to someone else, that Renoir is treated in exactly the same fashion, that Holman Hunt and Parsons are just vaguely referred to, that so great a painter as Wilkie has a mere passing notice—true, he hardly comes into the vaguely-defined period dealt with—and that Clausen is not mentioned at all. There are, of course, disproportionate notices of others. After Burne-Jones had been examined at some length, it was not necessary to give such prominence to Strudwick as has been done. Perhaps the desire to say all that was possible for Italy in its recent artistic poverty, explains an undue tolerance towards some inanities and some vulgarities too—those of Favoretta, for instance. There are errors in plenty. Here is an excusable one. "This land of industry [England] knows nothing of pictures in which work is being accomplished; this country, which is a network of railway lines, has never seen a railway painted," says Mr. Muther. Well, as to the latter, we have one great picture of a railway and an engine, too, by a very English painter, and surely in Mr. Stanhope Forbes's "Forge" there is too much rather than too little of the atmosphere of work. But we own there is some reason if not accuracy in the assertion. Dante Rossetti, by the way, was not a Catholic, and no one who knew him would accept this description of him, "a sedentary student who had yet an enthusiasm for knightly deeds." And while we are on the track of shortcomings, we may say that the Index is not complete.

* "The History of Modern Painting." By Richard Muther. 3 vols. Vol. 3. 18s. 6d. (Henry.)

On the other hand, there is excellent matter in the book, and there are a few admirable passages. Those among us who know anything of the modern art of Holland, Belgium, and Spain are but a handful. Very few of us guessed that Norway and Sweden had any art at all. Yet there are stirrings and strivings there, and some of them of real interest. With regard to Russia, we all know Verestschagin, and nothing at all of Répin. Herr Muther tries to put that incongruity right, though of course pure art has not really a chance against sensation. And among much that is slipshod simply because of the vastness of the plan, there is some excellent summarisation. He does full justice to American painters great and small, but he has hit their present condition exactly here—"They possess no captivating intimacy of emotion, they know nothing of confidential revelations, but clearness of eye they have, and deftness of hand, and refined taste, and they understand admirably the secret of creating an illusion by technique." Those to whom it is new will be much entertained by the amusing account of Sar Joseph Péladan and the Rosicrucian Exhibition of 1892. And Scotland will warm to Herr Muther when they read, "The Scotch are painters. They instituted a worship of colour such as had not been known since the days of Titian." Of course, this was to be expected from a Munich critic, but the pæan of those he affectionately calls the "Glasgow Boys" has discrimination enough not to be altogether fulsome. Germany is, we think, barely done justice to; but then Herr Muther was writing for those who needed information about foreign countries more than about their own. Let us add to the list of virtues the Bibliography—very useful, and quite as complete as could reasonably be expected.

The translation, by Mrs. Hillier, is satisfactory. But the phrase "painted in one jet" is not English—as yet.

As for the illustrations, they are very numerous and well chosen, and by helping the characterisations to show the kind of subjects affected by the different painters, they may be of some use. But they are shockingly reproduced. Bookmakers must make up their minds that if they will have many pictures, they cannot make cheap books.

MRS. COWDEN-CLARKE'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.*

Mrs. Cowden-Clarke sat down to write of the events of her long life because her nature is grateful and eminently social, and it seemed a pious duty to recall the pleasure afforded her by an unusual number of friendships and acquaintanceships, with very distinguished persons. But there is, to our mind, something in her account which far outweighs in interest what she has to tell us concerning celebrated people. Let us give precedence, however, to celebrities. Born in 1809, Mrs. Cowden-Clarke is one of the dwindling number who "once saw Shelley plain"—over the parlour window-blind. Keats was, of course, her husband's schoolfellow, and a frequent visitor to her father Vincent Novello's house. She can still remember his reverent look as he leaned against the side of the organ listening to her father's playing. Mary Lamb taught her Latin. Mrs. Shelley wrote Mary Novello's name on her copy of "Frankenstein." "I can remember once," she writes, "creeping round to where Leigh Hunt's hand rested on the back of the sofa upon which he sat, and giving it a quiet kiss—because I heard he was a *poet*." A little later her dream was to gain a large fortune, set out for Italy, and lay the fortune at Leigh Hunt's feet. She had, at least, one interview with Coleridge. Better than that, she was on the most intimate terms of friendship with Lamb; and she was of the party that day when Lamb started up from dinner, and hastening to the garden gate, opened it for a donkey that had set longing eyes on the grass growing behind the railing. For Lamb's references to her father, see his "Chapter on Ears." Her acquaintance with musicians and actors was very wide. In fact, through her father, her husband, and her gifted sister Clara, the Countess Gigliucci, she came in contact with almost everyone of note in all the arts in the first half of this century. Later on her circle only widened, when she took up her residence abroad. Her social instincts have never dimmed, nor her intellectual interests slackened.

Few of us in this generation have any correct idea as to her industry. We only credit her with the Shakespeare Concordance and her "Girlhood of Shakespeare's Heroines." But a list at the end of this book gives her productions as numbering sixty-one, exclusive of the present—a considerable number of these being, of course, verses or essays contributed to magazines and not reprinted in volumes—while she collaborated with her husband in six works. Fiction, verses, commentaries, biographies, essays, literary reminiscences, Shakespeare lore, dramatic criticism, the theory of music—her active brain busied itself over all these usefully, if not with brilliance. Her latest book is not an autobiography in any strict sense. The last two-thirds of it read like a record of holidays. She speaks, indeed, feelingly of her great bereavements; but save for that, you would think her life had had no shadow. She evidently did not think it worth while to note reverses and disappointments. But then she has never pretended to have the art to depict anything save the outside of things—and that only in the simplest, most childlike way. But without art, and seemingly without thought, she has given us some admirable pictures, and roused keen interest in one of her personages—namely, herself. There is a glow of health about the book, there is a bewildering vitality. Music, the theatre, literature, were never mere luxurious sweeteners of living; they were matters of first-rate importance to her from the beginning, and she was nourished on the best of them. Her long and happy married life, begun when she was seventeen, continued her opportunities, and doubled her enthusiasm. But the Cowden-Clarkes did not take their life or their enthusiasms cheaply. Frugality was for long a stern necessity, and they liked it. As dramatic critic for the *Examiner*, Cowden-Clarke went his round of the theatres with his wife, both always on foot. All kinds of drudgery had to be got through to eke out their small means, Mary doing her part from the first, and they thought life a delightful holiday. It was so all along. Sight-seeing, compiling her concordance, acting in Dickens's dramatic company, exploring new countries, hearing new music—for everything she had an inexhaustible fund of energy. She must have been tired many a time: she doesn't think it worth while mentioning. You only hear of a fresh enterprise, a fresh enjoyment. She is all gratitude and eagerness. Even her experience of publishers "has been most agreeable." And there is no sign of decaying interest so late as 1891, when at the age of eighty-two she attended with full enjoyment the Mozart Musikfest in Salzburg, going on afterwards to Dresden, where she says, "We made it our rule, as before, to enjoy every performance at the Hoftheater."

Though "A Long Life" cannot rank high among literary reminiscences, surely its revelation of time-defying youth must long give it a sympathetic place in a reader's memory.

* "My Long Life." An Autobiographic Sketch. By Mary Cowden-Clarke. (Unwin.)

GREEK FOLK POETRY.*

Miss Lucy M. J. Garnett has translated in "Greek Folk Poesy" about four hundred pages of Greek folk poetry, a part newly collected, and a part translated from Greek collections; and Mr. J. S. Stuart Glennie has prefaced the book with certain essays on a new theory of the origin of civilisation. Anthologies of Greek folk prose and of Gaelic folk poetry are to follow, and the introductions and notes, etc., of these books are to be Mr. Stuart Glennie's final proof of his theory. One reads him at first with difficulty and reluctance because of the barbarism of his style. He uses the longest and most unmusical words, and, even when he has a simple word like "records" ready to his hand, delights in such fruit of his own fancy as "recordations"; while his misuse of capitals passes belief. One gradually, however, becomes aware of a certain force of imagination and lucidity of intellect in the midst of this verbiage; and presently one is mastered by a strong curiosity. For the accepted theories of a spontaneous development of civilisation out of savagery he substitutes what he calls "the general conflict theory," and suggests that "civilised"

* "Greek Folk Poesy." By Lucy M. Garnett. With a Preface by J. S. Stuart Glennie. (Nutt.)

or "progressive communities" began when a race of superior intellectual power compelled or persuaded a race of lesser intellectual power to feed it and house it, in return for the religion and science which it had thus found the leisure to make, and to pass on from generation to generation in always growing complexity. This contest, the contest of subtlety against force, the subtlety often of a very few against the force of a multitude, gradually changed from a contest between men of different races to a compact between men of different classes, and so created the modern world. He supports this theory with an elaborate array of arguments, which I have not enough of science to apprise, among the rest with arguments based on the existence "at the very earliest ages of which we have anthropological evidence" of "at least two different or intellectually unequal Species or Races of Primitive Man," differing from each other "in cranial type as well as in stature, even more than whites differ from blacks." This theory, if established, Mr. Stuart Glennie points out, will reconcile the theories of writers like Professor Max Müller, who believes the great ancient mythologies, to have a profound and complex meaning, with the theories of writers like Mr. Andrew Lang, who believes them a survival of the beliefs of savages; for the men of the higher race could invent no more certain way of prolonging their own rule than to change the childish beliefs about them into a complex mystery of which they were themselves the prophets and guardians: all that was merely instinctive and spontaneous coming from the many, and from the dominant few all that was intellectual and deliberate. I find this theory, which affirms the supremacy of the intellect, much more plausible than any of those theories which imply the origin, by a vague process which no one has explained, of the most exquisite inventions of folk-lore and mythology from the imaginations of everybody and nobody; but only scientific folk-lorists and mythologists can say whether it is consistent with the facts. I am, however, convinced that some such theory will be established in the long run; being no democrat in intellectual things, and altogether persuaded that elaborate beauty has never come but from the mind of a deliberate artist writing at leisure and in peace.

Mr. Stuart Glennie gives certain pages to a destructive analysis of the accepted classifications and definitions of the science of folk-lore, and suggests classifications and definitions in accordance with his new theory. All his definitions appear to me to be excellent, except perhaps his definition of religion, which makes religion too exclusively a matter of conduct; and his classifications would perhaps be as useful as they are certainly interesting, but for his lack of any instinct for the right word. "Zoonist" is not English, and to make an arbitrary distinction between "tales" and "stories" in order to distinguish between the folk-lore of cosmical and the folk-lore of moral ideas is not good sense. As he is not worse in this matter than certain other folk-lorists, one had been content perhaps to forget his style out of respect for his theory had he not taken to himself a collaboratress who writes seven times worse than himself. A scientific theory can but suffer a temporary injury from the language of its exposition, but a folk song put into bad verse loses the half of its scientific and nearly all its literary interest. Miss Garnett would perhaps have made a beautiful book had she been content to write it in prose. Leconte de Lisle's translations of Homer, Virgil and Aeschylus, Mr. Lang's, Mr. Butcher's, and Mr. Leaf's translation of Homer, Mr. Lang's translation of Theocritus, and the recent translations of Roumanian folk songs, were surely a sufficient precedent. There can be no justification of the writing of verse except the power to write as a poet writes; and such lines as

"I hear my heart a-sighing, a-grieving with its smart,
And my *nous* which calls in answer, 'Have patience, O dear heart'";

and such lines as

'A flower I took thee to my heart, and there a thorn art thou;
And marvels all the world to see that lost our love is now";

and such lines as

"Vlachopoulo, thee I love;
This I've come to tell my dove,'

"*Goumene*, if thou lov'st true,
Go and fetch a boat, now do."

"Handsome let its boatman be,
To pull the oars for thee and me,"

are not written as a poet writes.

Miss Garnett's translations are indeed so lifeless that it is impossible to form any judgment of the poetical value of the originals, or get more than a few rare and faint emotions from all her four hundred pages. Greek folk poetry is apparently a very civilised poetry, with little of the superhuman preoccupations and extravagant beauty of Roumanian and Gaelic folk poetry. It mentions, for instance, a five hundred years old witch, but takes no pleasure in her age such as the Gaelic folk poet took when he made her cry, "Who has carried away my gold, which I was for five hundred years gathering in the waste places of the earth?" And its expression of love is prudent, temperate, almost calculating, beside the ungovernable passion of more primitive verse. It has nothing of that search for some absolute of emotion, some mysterious infinite of passion which is in so much of Gaelic poetry. There is never anything like that wild lyrical outburst translated by Dr. Hyde: "She is my treasure, O, she is my treasure, the woman of the gray eyes, a woman who would not place a hand under my head. She is my love, O she is my love, a woman who left no strength in me, a woman who would not breathe a sigh after me, a woman who would not raise a stone at my tomb. She is my secret love, O she is my secret love, a woman who tells me nothing . . . a woman who does not remember when I am out, a woman who would not weep at my death." Its emotion is weighed and measured with a nice sense of occasions and circumstances; one feels that the poets who wrote it were well aware of a great civilised literature somewhere behind them, and trod carefully in the footsteps of men preoccupied with the state and with the world. Nor has it that marvellous sense of a subtle union between an emotion and outer things which is in such songs as this Roumanian love song: "Take which ever way thou wilt, for the ways are all alike; but do thou only come—I bade my threshold wait thy coming. From out my window one can see the graves—and on my life the graves too keep a watch." It is indeed as unlike such a song as possible, being always definite, lucid, reasonable, having the clear light of the day of work and thought, and not the vague magnificence of sunrise or of sunset. It lacks, in other words, those very characteristics which written literature is continually absorbing from unwritten literature, that it may escape the old age of many reasons, the frailty of feet that tread but upon smooth roads; an absorption which is itself an illustration of Mr. Stuart Glennie's theory. It seems less like a folk literature than an imperfect literature of culture, and if one judged it by its literary characteristics alone, one would class it, not with primitive poetry like the poetry of Gaelic Ireland and Scotland, but with such half-cultivated, half-instinctive verse as that written by men like Walsh, Callanan, and the "Young Ireland" writers, in Ireland in this century.

W. B. Yeats.

NANCY NOON.*

Mr. Benjamin Swift has chosen to express a distinctly original mind, and an independent observation of life, after the manner, and indeed after the mannerisms of two distinguished writers, whose kinship, in spite of enormous divergences, was always certain, but never so apparent till an imitation of each got entangled in the pages before us. For the outer garments of his work Mr. Swift has taken Carlyle and Meredith as his models, and the latter has pushed his influence with him beyond the surface. This is so obvious on reading a page or two of "Nancy Noon," that it is hardly worth saying. But at least we refrain from being prosy over the dangers that a young writer runs in making such a choice. The book is good enough to set us wondering and guessing what will be Mr. Swift's own style when he evolves it, as he is bound to do. In the meanwhile he has made very energetic use of other people's; and

* "Nancy Noon." By Benjamin Swift. 6s. (Unwin.)

when all dues have been paid to "Richard Feverel" for loans and stimulus, a substantial something remains.

What a writer can never borrow is life. And "Nancy Noon"—though there are very high pragmatical and shrill and boyish pages in it—is alive. The fervour, the passion, the fever are real. You may call them hysterical sometimes, but hysterics may be the symptoms of genuine and intolerable agony. In the last scenes with the Play-Maidens we think we note the influence of another living novelist than Mr. Meredith, and the influence of his weaker moods, too. But though the circumstancing of these scenes is not very happy and does not strike quite true, Sparshott's suffering, which is the main thing, the suffering of a soul puritan in all its fibres, which cannot sin with impunity, and which, having sinned, knows itself damned, we recognise to be perfectly genuine. "Nancy Noon" is a tragedy with Hogarthian comedy running round about it. The horrible, the farcical, and the beautiful keep the stage in turns. Low life on its comic side, is given a better innings than it has had of late; and if we cannot put our finger at this moment on quotable witticisms, we can assure a reader that, if he be in good condition, he must sometimes laugh with Twigg and Bacchus. The farce runs into a kind of savagery at times, as in the short history of Cherub that began and ended underground. Here, while we think of it, let us say one thing. Scotland is popular just now in fiction. The scene of "Nancy Noon" is laid in that country, but Mr. Swift has either been unable to achieve, or indifferent to, popularity arising from this fact. There is no local colour; there is no national characterisation. And as for the lingo talked, it is an evil and a very unskilled invention of Mr. Swift's brain.

The writer has infused much delicate imagining into Nancy. Will readers fall in love with her? Surely they must after that beautiful picture of her meeting with Moulter in the grey dew of the May morning. If not, they may, at least, fall in love with Sparshott's and Moulter's love of her. We can understand her better than Jiss. A union of intellectual force, of "naïve culture," with the lower and the meaner passions is quite possible, of course, but somehow the blend is imperfect here. His heart is really with Sparshott. The intensity of the book, and intensity is its first quality, is centred in this young man, whose eyes were "northern lights," "a peculiar colour pitching in them as of troubled stars," who "had a wild, brotherly feeling for all impatient things, and gave an extra pat to any horse he found foaming and pawing the ground," and "looked with a sympathy some people thought foolish on the first bee or butterfly that ventured out on a doubtful spring day. His mind was of that sort that made the myth of the Gardens of Adonis." The love-story of this Sparshott must be tumultuous. But brains, as well as strong emotion, have gone to the making of "Nancy Noon."

THE LIFE OF JAMES McCOSH.*

It is generally supposed that the autobiography which is implicitly written in familiar letters and self-revealing publications is more to be trusted than any explicit record of one's own life and character. Much depends on the personality and the motive which underlie the autobiography. A temperament like Rousseau's craves public recognition; to Augustine and Marcus Aurelius it was their spiritual experience and ideas which seemed important, apart from any added interest in these ideas as belonging to themselves; in many cases it is probable that autobiography is prompted by the fear humorously expressed by Burns on his death-bed, when he whispered to a brother volunteer, "John, don't let the awkward squad fire over me." Dr. McCosh has, however, been fortunate in his biographer, Mr. W. M. Sloane, a name which has in several magazines become the guarantee of accurate information and completely intelligent criticism. And judging from the substance and style of the autobiographical passages in this volume they have been written quite as much as the pleasant employment of the leisure of age as with any view to publication.

Dr. McCosh's reminiscences, extending as they do over the greater part of the century—he was born in 1811 and died in 1894—and recalling the considerable personages with whom he had been brought in contact, are likely to interest readers on both sides of the Atlantic. His sketch of his upbringing on a small Ayrshire farm may be set alongside of the similar pictures drawn by Carlyle, Burns, and Paton, and may possibly do something to maintain one of the most valuable types of Scottish life. His portraits of his teachers and friends, although mere outlines, are drawn with a sure hand. As we turn over the pages of his album we see fresh likenesses of Christopher North, Sir William Hamilton, Trendelenburg, Humboldt, Bunsen, and others. Among all the men he had met he found only three whom he reckoned "great": Chalmers, Hugh Miller, Bunsen; and of these the greatest he thought was Chalmers. Discretion is shown in his treatment of the "Disruption." It is not related at large but merely set in some interesting side-lights, such as the reflections of Sir John Gladstone. More than twenty years after the Disruption the Duke of Argyll writes to Dr. McCosh: "I think indeed that 'Free Churches are the future of the world,' and that the upshot of present controversies will be a general severance of churches from endowment; but though this result may at any time be rapidly precipitated, yet in the ordinary course of events it is still a long way ahead of us."

Probably it was as a philosopher that Dr. McCosh expected to be recognised, and certainly for philosophical investigation he had a rare aptitude. But it was rather in the fields of logic and psychology than of metaphysics he exercised himself, and he was stronger as a critic than as a constructive philosopher. He possessed great independence and candour, and while more nearly approaching the Scottish School than any other, he had yet strength enough to discover and define a position for himself. His various philosophical publications were remarkably successful, running into several editions and being used as text-books in various colleges. But his personality seems largest in the President's chair at Princeton. Here all his qualities told: his dignified appearance, his administrative ability and knowledge of men, his firmness and candour, his interest in the great movements of his time, his knowledge, insight and sense as a teacher, his singular and characteristic completeness both in intellectual and moral endowment. It may almost be said that the college which he found brick he left marble. Gross irregularities, far surpassing any undergraduate licence he had seen in Scotland or in Ireland, prevailed in Princeton; the class-rooms were unsuitable, the library inadequate, *esprit de corps* at zero. Dr. McCosh resolved to make his college equal to any in America, and if possible to any in Europe, and this resolve he so communicated to those who might naturally be expected to help, that Princeton to-day stands in the front rank. The record of his work as President of his college deserved publication as an illustration of the progress which such an institution can make in one generation when a strong guiding hand is at the helm; it is also interesting as measuring the service which can be rendered by a man who falls short of genius but has conscientiously cultivated great natural abilities.

MARCUS DODS.

* "The Life of James McCosh. A Record chiefly Autobiographical." Edited by William Milligan Sloane. With portraits. (T. & T. Clark.)

ENGLISH ESSAYS.*

Had Mr. Lobban's illustrative volume not been one of a series, it would have been more complete. He has naturally not desired to occupy ground already covered by Professor Vaughan's "Literary Criticism," which was its immediate predecessor. In a survey of English essays from Bacon to Lamb, the omission of Dryden leaves, of course, an enormous gap. But we acknowledge that the omission only occurs because the two volumes are meant to be supplementary. The editor in an able introduction describes three leading senses in which the term "essay" is used. "It may be modestly applied to an elaborately finished treatise; or, with more direct reference to its primary meaning, it may denote the brief, general treatment of any topic, an author's preliminary skirmish with his subject; while again it may

* "English Essays." With an Introduction by J. H. Lobban. 3s. 6d. Warwick Library. (Blackie.)

mean a short discursive article on any literary, philosophical, or social subject, viewed from a personal or a historical standpoint." This is not exhaustive; in fact, one may as well acknowledge that the term defies exhaustiveness. Is there any very excellent reason for denying the title to Walton's "Lives," or for refusing to call the "Anatomy of Melancholy" a collection of essays? If there is, then it drags the Sir Roger de Coverley papers into the domain of fiction. But a book of samples must have its limits, and Mr. Lobban has chosen to deal with the third class he has mentioned, and, in the main, with the more picturesque of these. By so doing he shows, doubtless, the real strength of English essayists. Steele and Addison, with their Sir Roger and Will Wimple, Johnson with his Dick Minim, Goldsmith with his "Man in Black," his "City Night Piece," and Lamb, always, represent English prose at its deftest, in its most charming mood. And the English essayists, at least in its briefer forms, are on the whole weak on the reflective side. With the exception of Bacon, very few have known how to think profoundly, to moralise exquisitely, with originality, and yet with conciseness. English prose is rich in exquisite and original moralising, but mostly when abundant room has been given it, as in Browne and Coleridge. Bacon put a strain on his native tongue which he alone could make it bear. But there is nothing against the genius of the language in looser chapters of human observation, couched in a moral strain, yet coming short of the length of a treatise. Only we have not produced anything in this way so fine as did some of the great Frenchmen of the seventeenth century. Which suggests an exclamation of sorrowful astonishment at one sentence in Mr. Lobban's preface. "The *Characters* of La Bruyère, avowedly modelled on those of Theophrastus, are in many respects so admirable as to justify their mention by Johnson." "Justify their mention by Johnson," indeed! Has Mr. Lobban read La Bruyère to utter this—heresy or blunder? Johnson was a great man, very likely a greater man than the sage of Versailles, but whether in respect to his management of his own tongue, or in the science of the human heart, he was but a bungler compared with him of whom Sainte-Beuve said, and with no such extravagance either: "Il est du petit nombre de ces hommes qui ont tout su." And we cannot see why his *Characters* or those of Theophrastus should not "be seriously included among the antecedents of the *Tatler*." Mr. Lobban says they are "too fragmentary," but surely he only means they are very short—a different matter. If we must find a foreign suggestion for Steele and Addison's delightful gallery of characters, it is easier to find it in the seventeenth century French moralists than in Montaigne, great as was his influence on some English writers before and after them.

In his preface there may seem to be a disproportionate attention paid to the eighteenth century essayists, but the space he has allotted to these is judiciously used. Steele is—no doubt very justly—given back some of the credit which has been commonly put to Addison's account; and the relations of Defoe to this kind of literary expression are stated with great intelligence. Indeed, the criticism is generally of a high order, as the choice of illustrative essays is unconventional and interesting—though we doubt whether Swift's essay "On Style" is characteristic of that great master of English, or really of any particular value in itself. "In spite of powerful rivals, the essay is still a vital literary form," says Mr. Lobban. Were it only because of this reminder, his book would serve an excellent purpose in calling attention to the opportunities and the charms of a form of literary expression, neglected or bungled of late, but capable of revivication and of infinite development.

WOMEN IN ENGLISH LIFE.*

These two large volumes have a becomingly formidable look, for the subject is a vast one and not easy to deal with. But Mrs. Hill has made them very easy reading—far too easy, in fact, to be of much service. It is a pleasant, a sensible, and a slipshod book. Even readers who ransack it for material for their debating club essays—and it has an air of being addressed to such—will occasionally wish that it were a little more definite, and that it condescended a little oftener to statistics. Of course, the subject is too large to be dealt with, even in two volumes, other than superficially, and a superficial survey would be quite unobjectionable did Mrs. Hill take more pains to sift her authorities. A quotation is evidently, to her, evidence, and many of her quotations are most trifling. Also, for some of her boldest statements, those she has thought out for herself, she has failed to find sufficient contemporary corroboration. For instance, she holds that what the Church did for women with one hand it undid with the other. This is a point worth making on a subject about which much nonsense is talked; it should have been clinched with a definite, if arid, account of the privileges and disabilities of women under the mediæval and modern Church. Still, on the whole, the earlier portion of the book, with its account of how great ladies spent their time, how girls were educated as scholars in one generation and neglected in another, with the stories of women's social and indirect political influence, is very readable.

The later portion, however, will be scanned most closely. It deals with women in factories, in sisterhoods, in politics, and so on. Here Mrs. Hill shows herself to be rather well informed than an authority. She despises statistics, and prefers anecdotes. But though it is consoling to know Miss Becker was no monstrosity, seeing she could dance the "hop-waltz," there should have been room, in two volumes, for many useful, as well as many agreeable facts; and a few accurate figures would have given a backbone to the chapters dealing with women's employments. She has, indeed, taken pains to collect some names and dates connected with the Suffrage movement, but as a picture of the complicated condition of that movement to-day, her account is practically useless. In the chapter dealing with political work there is one very important and misleading omission, while—and this is almost incomprehensible—the question of women's trades unions is ignored; yet the wages question is the key to the whole position towards which Mrs. Hill would have modern women strive.

* "Women in English Life." From Mediæval to Modern Times. By Georgiana Hill. Two vols. (Bentley.)

NOVEL NOTES.

MAGGIE: A Child of the Streets. By Stephen Crane. (Heinemann.)

Mr. Stephen Crane impresses us with the conviction that he tells the truth as he knows it. "The Red Badge of Courage" showed his refusal to sentimentalise. Sentimentality is so far away from the story of "Maggie" that one expects every moment to come on some exaggeration of sordidness, some morbid revelling in the ugly and the brutal; yet nothing of the kind happens. His mind is as unusually restrained as it is watchful. Romance is not wanting. It is shining bright when Pete, the elegant bar-tender, condescends to visit Maggie's brother, and sit on the table and give a glowing account of how he deals with troublesome persons in his master's public-house. "As Jimmie and his friend exchanged tales descriptive of their prowess, Maggie leaned back in the shadow. Her eyes dwelt wonderingly and rather wistfully upon Pete's face. The broken furniture, grimy walls, and general disorder and dirt of her home of a sudden appeared before her and began to take a potential aspect. Pete's aristocratic person looked as if it might soil. She looked keenly at him, occasionally wondering if he was feeling contempt. But Pete seemed to be enveloped in reminiscence.

"'Hully gee!' said he, 'dose mugs can't phase me. Dey knows I kin wipe up d' street wid any tree of dem.'

"Maggie perceived that he was the ideal man. Her dim thoughts were often searching for far-away lands where the little hills sing together in the morning."

There is running through the miserable story the fair light of a trustful, grateful nature, a "blossom in a mud-puddle," gentle even when cruelty and treachery have done their worst. And as such, Maggie is as real as the redoubtable savage Jimmie, or the terrible mother, nearly as real as the magnificent Pete. There Mr. Crane surpasses nearly all his models of the sternly realistic school, who fail so often in

their finer, their more beautiful portraits. New York life—nearly at its lowest, surely—is the material of the book, and the material is used by a daring and a relentless hand. But Mr. Crane has reticence and sympathy, and these, as much as his astonishing cleverness, have given him the high rank he holds already in America and England.

BLACK DIAMONDS. By Maurus Jokai. 6s. (Jarrold.)

Jòkai belongs to a school of fiction that puts heavy obligations on itself. In the newer schools perfect success may be quite as difficult, but not so laborious. Very rarely in them is an attempt made to succeed in more than one principal direction at a time. But in his, energies are sent here and there and everywhere. The vitality, the research, the information, the general capacity required are enormous. It is a kind of fiction only suitable to a very robust generation. "Black Diamonds," for instance, is nearly impossible to class. It is in the first place a novel of financial and industrial life, spending a very liberal amount of pains on that purpose. The political parts may be thrown into the same section, and so may the society scenes in Pesth and Vienna, though the latter contain matter enough for any ordinary man's novel. But then there is the romance of an abortive artistic career, and there is the ambitious failure of the patriotic ecclesiastic, the Abbé Samuel, and also the conventional romance of the returned first love, who pays her desertion of the model mine-owner by working obscurely in his employment, and winning his good-conduct prize previous to the natural and happy ending of his woes and hers. Speculation, politics, society, duelling, music, mining—the last in the Jules Verne style—philanthropy, scandal, intrigue, sensation, crime, and Sunday-school-book romance are crammed together incongruously, but with great liberality. A novelist so omniscient as Jòkai can hardly be first-rate. He is not first-rate. He is tremendously prolific. He has energy enough for the most prolonged and the remotest inquiries into the stuff of human interests. But he could not take enough care to make one book—so we gather from the English translations that have been made—really perfect. There are profound studies of human character here side by side with crude and mawkish sentimentalities. There is an unusually firm grip of facts; there is a substratum of intellectual force that makes the cheap melodrama and the occasional incapacity really startling. Sometimes the material is altogether wasted. The Countess Theudelinde in her retirement is, of course, only farcical; but she makes good enough farce. Why is she dropped so suddenly? The crack-brained recluse keeping a patriotic salon in Pesth should have provided better entertainment. But Jòkai, having too many other things in hand, forgets all about her. It is like nearly every other book of his we have read, very inartistic, and also, like a few of them, very interesting. In at least two things he has succeeded well—in the story of the Bondavara speculations and in the Jules Verne story of Behrend's search for the cure of fire-damp. If you don't like these, there are endless other attractions, or at least interests. It is a variety show provided by a reckless stage-manager, the items infinitely varying in quality, but with nothing monotonous about them. Jòkai works in the rough, but he works like a giant, and "Black Diamonds" may please us well enough to bring on an hour of discontent with the subtler, elfish products of what we are pleased to call the fiction of to-day.

DEVIL'S FORD, Etc. By Bret Harte. 3s. 6d. (Chatto.)

Long ago Mr. Bret Harte earned by his simple pathetic dramas a great name and a right to entertain us just as he liked. No one has less abused a long reputation. Perhaps his present work would not have won favour so speedily or so widely as "The Luck of Roaring Camp," and yet much of it is brighter, as all of it is solider. He is not only a prolific inventor, an industrious collector of striking incidents, but he is one of the subtlest painters of character. In his rough stories there is always fine work. In late years he has gained in the best qualities of the novelist. Only one thing has he lost—some of his clearness as a story-teller, though the tales here do not specially suggest this criticism. All three of them, "Devil's Ford," "Snowbound at Eagle's," and "A Millionaire of Rough and Ready" are in his best manner. But the middle one must surely be the favourite, because it reinstates an old romance, rather battered of late—the romance of the noble highwayman. Lee and Falkner, the road-agents in the story, were surely the most justified of all brave fellows that ever stopped a stage. They are not mere picturesque heroes of the boards, but made after their own special pattern. How they were snow-bound in the house of the respectable man who was hunting them, and the romantic consequences thereof, make an excellent story of the satisfactory and yet probable order. In "Devil's Ford" there is still finer work, but we own to being a little puzzled by Christie's conduct. Are folks so roundabout out West? And then nothing can stand against the popularity of road-agents.

DENIS. A Study in Black and White. By Mrs. E. M. Field. 6s. (Macmillan).

Mrs. Field believes her tale "advances no theory, upholds no political doctrine." She is right; and it is all the sadder. The scene is laid in Ireland just before and during Black '47. The writer knows the history and the literature of the time intimately; indeed, we are given just a little too much of the verses in the *Nation*, Davis's in particular. One of the heroes—there are several—D'Arcy O'Hara, often expresses very exactly the sentiments of Davis, as well as sings his songs. But the main material of the story could not have been got out of books. Mrs. Field knows Ireland and the Irish with an intimacy as close as her love is strong. In the less tragic parts this knowledge is delightfully proved in a score of places; but we like best of all her description of the O'Hara household. "Mrs. O'Hara was never harassed. That was not because things never went wrong, but because it never occurred to her to be troubled when they did. It happened too often, for one thing. Early on this day the cellar-key was discovered to be lost. That would not as a rule have mattered much, seeing that on six days out of seven the door was not locked. On this occasion the masther had been down early, and had gone off to Petty Sessions, no doubt with the key in his pocket. 'We'll send Cayle to prise the door open, then,' said Mrs. O'Hara, when it became clear that wine for her jellies was not to be had otherwise. No sooner said than done. Old Cayle, the carpenter, was naturally at hand; he was always employed somewhere about the place in mending things, which yet were never in order, replacing the second bar of a gate which had been taken for firewood in the dusk of Monday, only to see the third bar worried loose on Tuesday, hanging by one nail on Wednesday, gone on Thursday, to be replaced in its turn as the fourth bar would be in due time, after which the whole would require 'a lick o' paint.' . . . Did the family finances seem at a dangerously low ebb? 'Try a cheque,' said Mr. O'Hara, with a beaming smile." The O'Hara's, that is, the improvident, childish elders, will keenly delight where they do not shock. Mrs. Field presents numerous types. There is Fitzwalter, who thinks the safety of Ireland consists in the adoption of Evangelical principles; there is Mervyn, the well-intentioned, most generous Englishman, who never succeeds in gaining the trust of his tenants. His fate, by the bye, a sympathetic reader must greatly deplore, and wish that a less good fellow had been made to play the villain of the piece; but here, as elsewhere, Mrs. Field is relentlessly bent on showing the muddle of Irish life. Father Ryan, the courtly, scholarly, worthy priest, and D'Arcy O'Hara, the Young Ireland patriot, colleague of Smith O'Brien, Davis, Gavan Duffy, and Blake Dillon, are clearly drawn. There are women, too, of interest; but Margaret spouts too much. The peasants are excellently conceived for the most part, though the chief figure among them, Denis Moriarty, is not always easy to understand. The one exaggeration seems to be Father Con; we have met him too often in Protestant warnings to quite believe in him. Mrs. Field has clearly written her story with a purpose; but this purpose, a melancholy one, being what it is, has prevented the book being spoiled as a story. She wishes to prove something; but a very negative something. She is no partisan, though we guess how such impartiality as hers would translate itself at the ballot-box. She is just and sympathetic to those of the ascendancy, and to the Catholics and the Repealers. She is critical of both,

but with a criticism which has no scorn and no petty fault-finding in it. The whole thing is a coil, she declares. Good people strive against good people. Trustful natures receive kindness with suspicion. The wrong thing happens. Friends do not meet. There are blundering crimes and criminal blunders, and noble strivings without a harvest. A wealth of idealism and purity is wasted. And her heroes' stories she sums up in the words: "*We have been with child, we have been in pain, we have, as it were, brought forth wind*; we have not brought any deliverance to the earth."

A SECRET SERVICE. Being Strange Tales of a Nihilist. By William Le Queux. 3s. 6d. (Ward, Lock and Bowden.)

Chivalrous rescues, hair-breadth escapes, just vengeance on bullies and spies, pack Mr. Le Queux's story full. We like it very much better than his more high-flown efforts. The interest is closer, the sensation more sustained. Londoners will be mostly surprised to learn all it tells, not only of the Nihilist propaganda in their midst, but how the arm of the Russian police moves stealthily and persistently in the track of the exiles they protect. The story is no apology for Nihilism or its works, but the boldest defence of it.

A QUAKER GRANDMOTHER. By Iota. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

"Iota's" success is quite comprehensible. There is a certain *entrain* in her manner which keeps her readers awake. They may be amused, impressed, or merely waiting to see her next absurdity; but the point is they do wait. Many a better writer wins less patience. There is no use of applying literary tests to her. There is nothing so far away from her merits and defects as literature. She is an echo of the half hour, as that half-hour utters itself in certain energetic but limited circles. She has merit as an echo, and it is useless denying her cleverness because its manifestations may be now and then objectionable. This is the best-made of her stories. The woman, Mrs. Tryng, who was good, really good, by force of effort, and against her erring impulses, is a fine figure. And in Harry, the stupid Robby Ince and his sensation-craving wife, there is skilful drawing. But never did anyone sit down to write with such a tremendous fund of cock-sureness. Man used to be the riddle of the world, but "Iota" holds him in the hollow of her feminine hand, strokes him, teases, patronises, deigns even to love him, because he can't help being the helpless, absurd creature he is. This sublime self-confidence is here embodied in a girl, Miriam Porteous. What a girl! A Quaker grandmother is given the credit of bequeathing her to this generation. Save us all from having Quaker grandmothers! But surely these good ladies of an earlier day are slandered. The young person says smart things, we admit, as when she remarks that women "are not mere spontaneous springs of excellence." But that does not alter the iniquity of foisting the tongue and the experience of Mrs. Poyser on a girl in her teens. She is out of nature, self-conscious, rude, meddlesome, and of a rowdy wit. Her great *coup-de-main* was to lock the door on a man who was exercising his right of being a wicked fool by eloping with a neighbour's wife. Then she, a chit of a thing, interviewed the lady. The man very soon afterwards asked the meddlesome chit to marry him, whereupon we feel we have to do with a coarse rather than a weak nature. To do her justice, she refuses him. When the relations of men and women are settled by the wisdom of the nursery, our anxiety is only transferred to the nursery. Perhaps Miriam will be called an up-to-date young person, whatever that may mean. At every date she must be detestable. But indeed she is no one at all, only an embodiment of young censorious energy as seen through an older and, we must say it, a vulgarised mind.

THE FAILURE OF SIBYL FLETCHER. By Adeline Sergeant. 6s. (Heinemann.)

We do not like this story, and the fact discounts something from our judgment of its merits and its place among Miss Sergeant's work. Probably it is quite as readable, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, as any other of her books, for it is better supplied with incident than her recent stories. It suggests difficult situations which prevent monotony; and presents very strong contrasts of character. The story is a kind of link between the writer's former and her recent manner. Miss Sergeant has lately been much concerned with experiences of the soul. It has made her work morbid, but the morbidity has never shown itself so disagreeably, it seems to us, as in this tale, where she remains introspective while harking back to her more sensational period. No part of the book is very satisfactory, neither the pictures of London artistic society, nor the story of Clement Atherley and Ethel Brooke. But it is the main stream of the romance, if so we must call it, that is particularly displeasing—the relations of the heroine to Michael Drage. Sibyl's love is so much more than undignified as to be degrading. The theme is a very favourite one with romantic writers—the willing subjugation of a woman by a monster or a bully; and perhaps their taste runs somehow in unison with a secret instinct of human nature. But human nature is not all pretty, and this trait is more revolting than romantic, almost as ugly to a healthy nature as a return to cannibalism. Drage is a poor, blundering, sulky giant rather than a monster, perhaps; but such sulky egotism is incompatible with decent morality; it is incurable; it feeds on its victims. Miss Sergeant's psychology is all wrong.

ROBERT URQUHART. By Gabriel Setoun. 6s. (Bliss, Sands.)

"Robert Urquhart" appeals to Scottish readers more exclusively than most of the Scottish fiction of to-day. Though there is less dialect than in many another story, there is a very strong accent and a very provincial accent. Much in the book that will interest a Scot, because of its familiarity, will weary an English reader; so to give the book a very general recommendation would be to do it wrong. There is a great deal of excellent matter in it, conscientious labour, and the reflection of sincere enthusiasm. But Mr. Gabriel Setoun must learn the penalty of length and over-attention to detail. For every ten pages he had consented to cut out he would have gained thirty willing readers. The pretty pleasant love story should have been made much easier to follow. It is crowded into a mass of information about people who, skilfully handled, would have been all good enough, perhaps, to figure in a book, but who are too numerous for the author with his present skill to make alive. The healthy enthusiastic tone towards life, the ready recognition of beauty in unpromising quarters, we own heartily. But the effect is humdrum and dowdy. Mr. Setoun is not the kind of writer who can afford to only write straight on; he must wrestle much with his art if he is to make it worthy of his material.

SKETCHES AND STORIES GRAVE AND GAY. By Montgomery Carmichael. 3s. 6d. (A. Constable.)

Mr. Carmichael's collection suggests to us an old grievance. Custom admits of far too little variation in the size of volumes of fiction. To pass the two hundredth page is looked on as a necessity—by the publisher, we suppose, and the poor author whose good things may be in very little bulk fills out the space to order. There is nothing very bad or very dull here, but there are some things that are exceedingly trifling, and might have been better left in the columns of the papers whose hasty readers they helped quite creditably to amuse. They are hardly good enough to keep company with the paper called "A Noble Catholic Family," at all events, which, if it wanted support and company, should have waited till its writer had produced a few more studies of modern Catholic types. The history of the Cleresbys is romantic and fascinating, and must open up to many readers new views of the old world of ideals and beliefs alive in our midst to-day, which they had thought broken and scattered long years ago. Glimpses of Carlists and Trappists and devotees of divine right are finely impressive, caught in the glaring, reasonable, prosaic light of to-day. Mr. Carmichael does not strike us as a born story-teller, but rather as a man of varied and interesting experiences, and these he shares very genially with us.

ANTHONY BLAKE'S EXPERIMENT. 2 vols. (Bentley.)

This anonymous novel is something of a puzzle. It may be said to increase in power up to the end, and yet it grows, at the same time, more incredible. The first part is the repetition of an old story—the deception of a pretty little French singer at a *café-chantant* by a dissolute Englishman, who

goes through a worthless marriage ceremony with her, brings her to England, and deserts her, leaving her, however, with a competency for herself and the child. All this is told with considerable vigour; but the latter half, where she enters a convent in France, seeing her son only as a stranger, and hoarding her money for him, is a better piece of work. It would be quite convincing if we had not known the woman to have been too lively, too affectionate, and too unconventional (though far from being lawless) to have done anything of the sort. The visits of the schoolboy to his friend Sœur Jeanne-Marie are very pathetic. When his present of the rabbit reaches the convent we are almost as anxious as the poor mother that the Superior should let her keep it. In her interest in Jacques' marriage and her affectionate secret criticism of his and his bride's personal appearance—for the dissolute husband had been of gentle birth—we recognise much that is humanly true. Yet it is difficult to believe that the Armande we knew would not have rather braved the world, and given her son a mother, than have buried herself in the living grave at the Belloc convent. She dies without telling him of the relationship, and the fine English gentleman never turns up to claim the rough French engineer as his son. At one disappearance we are even more surprised. Why was the chivalrous Sartorys introduced at all, if he was to be of so little use? He was meant, we are sure, to marry Armande in a third volume, but the author's afterthought convinced him that was too conventional an ending. So he made the woman take the vows, but forgot to strike Sartorys out of volume one.

TORRIBA. A Princess of the Amorayes. By John Cameron Grant. 2s. 6d. (A. Constable.)

"Torriba" is an unconventional book, but its unconventionality is of so innocent a nature that few need be frightened away by it. There is, indeed, a more terrifying circumstance, which makes us wish Mr. Grant had not felt bound to tell the story, the conclusion of which is revoltingly painful, and, we think, altogether unnecessary. Torriba is a beautiful little tropical princess, the daughter of a Catholic devote, but herself brought up as a wild thing, and rejecting all faith save vague Pantheism. She loves with all purity and innocence as they did in Eden, the object of her devotion being an Englishman, who is worthy of her trust, if a trifle mawkish. But in his absence her mother, and her mother's Church, are dishonoured by a deed so diabolic that one cries out against the conceivability of it. Reasonably or unreasonably, we feel that what we have to accept perforce from the novelists of the slums, we refuse to accept from a story of this kind. The serpent entered Paradise, answers Mr. Grant. But we can only say that in what promised to be a pretty little idyll we cannot forgive what we might with reluctant sadness pass in a broad survey of the state of morals in semi-Christianised countries of the American tropics. Torriba is a winning little wood sprite, and her naif love as child and maiden for the gentle stranger, though it does not deeply interest, never repels us. The dark background of woods in which she wanders free and safe, the stealthy Indians, foes of the white man, bearing torture and death in their quivers, the great sea booming on the shore near her home, are circumstances of romance to which Mr. Grant has done full justice. The ceremony of making the Englishman a citizen of the woods by marking him with the strange Indian royal mark is mysteriously impressive. Tropical beauty and mystery are finely suggested. But the fate of Torriba we cannot away with. Loti tells this kind of story with more humanity.

DORIS AND I, etc. By John Stafford. (Chatto.)

Mr. Stafford has a tendency to use mysteries and sensational means in his stories; not to any exaggerated extent, but more than need be, for we are sure he could interest us without these. He has a pleasant manner, has a great deal that is amiable to say of human nature, no poses of any kind, and a fresh out-of-door tone about him. "The Vicar of Wrocksley" is excellently told. "Crooked Ways" and "Under a Greenwood Tree" are made of good stuff, while "The Squire's Amanuensis" follows an old popular tradition—that will very likely never go out of fashion—presenting to us again the rebellious son who marries the best of all possible wives against the wishes of an angry father, the bitter alienation, and the inevitable reconcilement.

FOR SUCH IS LIFE. By Silas K. Hocking. 3s. 6d. (Ward, Lock.)

Is it a terrible hallucination, or the truth, that Messrs. Silas K. and Joseph Hocking, between them, produce a novel a week? There is always, "on our table," a volume by one or the other. Is it the three-hundredth—or is it always the same? If it be always the same, we beg to tell that persistent thing we have read it. Let it haunt us no more! In fact, on coming to close quarters with "For Such is Life," we thought we had read it many years ago. The exchange of two children, one an aristocrat, the other a plebeian, seemed the veriest chestnut among myths. But we did the ingenious author wrong. The point of this gently feminine moral tale is a stirring of conscience, which Mr. Hocking neglected to mention in order to have the agreeable necessity for writing a few hundred more pages.

A FAIR PALMIST. By Amyot Sagon. 6s. (Hurst and Blackett.)

If the chief merit of a murder story be to puzzle you about the identity of the murderer, then this one is very successful. The mystery is well wrapt up, though the solution is a little disappointing; we never believed in Dalkeith's guilt, of course, but that disagreeable brother of the victim we had made certain was the criminal. And it is not very good usage to Eustace Dalbiac, a clergyman, too, to dog him with suspicions, and then let him go with never an apology. Apart from its power of keeping the secret from us, the book is very silly. A beautiful woman, a consummate genius, of course, the beloved of the murdered sculptor, consecrated her life to revenge him, and made great blunders accordingly. It is necessary for the plot that she should be a marvellous palmist, and in the exercise of that science or art she makes a discovery of the murderer, quite wrong, by the bye. Thereupon, being a glorious artist, she paints a picture of the scene, the portraits of the actors being from real life. Dalkeith is arrested on this kind of evidence, and is in Newgate waiting to be hung, when the spirits order Haidée to paint in another head instead of his; and then her "pure and lofty spirit winged its flight to brighter realms, the grief and anguish of its mortal existence forgotten in the glorious realization of reunion with its lost love." The world is safer now she is winged away.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

COMPARATIVE POLITICS. By E. A. Freeman. (Macmillan and Co.)

This is a reprint of the edition of 1873 and comprises the six Lectures on "Comparative Politics" and the Rede Lecture on the "Unity of History." We are glad to see that a new edition is demanded, for the lectures are of permanent value. True, they were merely pioneer work; twenty years' labour by many hands has since extended the field; some of the Professor's arguments have since been discredited, some now read like platitudes. But the book is as stimulating as ever. It contains so many suggestions and tentative theories which still await full examination; it is so rich in first principles clearly defined and obstinately reiterated. The copious notes are not likely soon to lose their interest, and may be read apart from the text as a sort of miscellany. How well they reflect Freeman's varied acquirements and interests, and his power of grouping apt, though far-fetched illustrations! What strikes one most is the suddenness of his shrewd remarks, the stray lights which flash on him by the way, and which he writes down without elaboration. His peculiar love of reiteration was in itself laudable; his weakness lay in an imperfect sense of proportion common to all hot-headed men. The points on which he keeps insisting are not always first principles; often they are only pet trivialities. Thus the "Unity of History," which he thought so important, is really a small matter on which all parties are practically agreed. It all depends on what we choose to mean by unity.

SONGS OF TRAVEL, and other verses. By Robert Louis Stevenson. 5s. (Chatto.)

These poems have already been noticed in our pages on their first issue in the Edinburgh Edition. But the Edin-

burgh Edition is not for everyone, and we are glad that Messrs. Chatto and Windus have been able so soon to give the book to a much wider circle. To our former notice we have little to add. Stevenson was not, of course, at his very best in his poems, but even in verse he could, at intervals, express much of his interesting, charming self. What more can good Stevenson lovers want? Passing over a few experiments, a few occasional poems hardly worth preserving, the verses here are characteristic, sympathetic, graceful in their emotion and their thought. Here is a real bit of Stevenson, from the Travel songs:

"To the heart of youth the world is a highwayside.
Passing for ever he fares; and on either side,
Deep in the gardens golden pavilions hide,
Nestle in orchard bloom, and far on the level land
Call him with lighted lamp in the eventide.

Thick as the stars at night when the moon is down,
Pleasures assail him. He to his nobler fate
Fares; and but waves a hand as he passes on,
Cries but a wayside word to her at the garden gate,
Sings but a boyish stave and his face is gone."

ON HEROES AND HERO-WORSHIP. By Thomas Carlyle. With an Introduction by Edmund Gosse. 19th Century Classics. 2s. 6d. (Ward, Lock.)

Mr. Gosse has broken away from the smooth traditions of the preface-writer in the introduction to his new edition of the "Heroes." Carlyle's eloquence concerning heroism suggests to him a comparison between the writer and the man, and over that Mr. Gosse refuses to sentimentalise. If it be wise to make the comparison, his attitude is a right one. But he puts a little more temper into the expression of it than is strictly necessary for justice, when he speaks of "a figure as un-heroic, as little in touch at any point with the high ideals of Carlyle's books as it is possible to meet with. It is a tribute to the marvellous cleverness with which he threw dust in people's eyes that there should still be persons existing who think that the private life of Carlyle was excusable and even pathetic." Carlyle was no hero; but "a peasant growling like an ill-bred collie-dog," is not the last nor the best word to describe his demeanour. Mr. Gosse is, however, quite reverential about his genius, and his preface contains some information about the circumstances of the lectures that will not be found in Froude. His attitude towards Carlyle is aptly represented by this description of him in the flesh: "Those who, a quarter of a century ago, would not for much gold have endured the dreadful honour of speech with him, may remember how they used to see Carlyle in the streets, his large grey head, like that of some Norwegian trold, nodding painfully on bowed and crumpled shoulders, hanging on the arm and hurrying at the side of Froude or of Mr. Lecky, and may recollect the sort of chill, made up of awe and respect, without the slightest tincture of sympathy, with which they would watch the half-inanimate demi-god pass by." But there were not many that watched him "without the slightest tincture of sympathy."

HUMPHRY DAVY, Poet and Philosopher. By T. E. Thorpe, LL.D., F.R.S. Century Science Series. (Cassell.)

Dr. Thorpe has written by far the most readable biography of this useful and generally excellent series. But then, so far as biography is concerned, he has the most fascinating subject. The second title explains the interest which clings about Davy. Coleridge used to declare that if Davy had not been the greatest man of science, he would have been the greatest poet of his age. Lockhart and many others said the same. This was sheer nonsense. His best poems are no better than dignified rhetoric; there is not a sign anywhere of the combination of vision and the apt translation of it which makes a poet. But he was a man of warm poetic temperament and of strong personality. Coleridge, Southey, Wordsworth, Scott, Miss Edgeworth, all the greatest and the most observant spirits of the age, were impressed with his power, his fire, his quickness. He took possession of the world when he was a lad of twenty by his confidence, his enthusiasm, his devotion to truth, and his vitality. It is this vitality that marks him off from the common herd. While he was making his experiments, he was heart and soul a chemist; in drawing-rooms he gave himself up entirely to the art of popularity: by the side of the stream there was only one happiness possible on earth, angling. He spent every bit of himself in science or in pleasure. Poets would have had him a poet; bishops pressed him to enter the Church. He found the Royal Institution a formless, vague society "for the benefit of the poor" by diffusing knowledge of science and mechanical inventions. He was employed there first of all to lecture on the Art of Tanning. He left it a centre of activity, of far-reaching influence, an embodiment of the dignity of science. But, of course, Davy being Davy, as might have been expected, he was not always considered quite serious enough. "He is rather too lively," said Sir Joseph Banks, "to fill the chair of the Royal Society with that degree of gravity which it is most becoming to assume." Davy, for all his life of fashion and pleasure, was a serious man; but he was never, let us be grateful for it, solemn. Active-minded, bold in experiment, full of talk, irascible, mercurial, more concerned with energy than order, he was not always easy to deal with. "He was a vera troublesome person in chemistry," said a Scotch professor, who wished his experiments and discoveries to be fewer. It was just this perfervid, troublous, eager nature that made him what he was, the companion of the best of his time, beloved, flattered, spoiled, always interesting, nearly always sympathetic, though by no means flawless. The old comparison of his character with Faraday's is not fair. The gentle Faraday, ever loyal to him, would have been the first to own Nature had put no such ardent temptations in his way. So much for the biography in the book; and the general reader will be glad to know this part is not neglected. Dr. Thorpe, however, examines very carefully Davy's work and its results, and, as far as the space at his disposal allows of, the controversy regarding George Stephenson's relations to the safety lamp invention. He does not think Stephenson has been wronged, though he had doubtless gone a good way towards discovering the method of protecting a flame.

AEROMANCY, and other poems. By Margaret L. Woods. The Shilling Garland. (E. Mathews.)

If "Aeromancy" were only rather more aeromantic!—will the word be permitted us? It is a poem inspired by the bells in Oxford. The listener found one "warm and obscure night" their master-word—

"And since that hour made me her neophyte,
I know what occult power within them dwells
To mock at Time's inviolable might."

Their clangour and music have secrets that are not all sweet;

"and yet
More than remembrance is it mortal pain
To watch that still, pursuing sea, whose fret
Washes our footsteps out, and one by one,
O'er everything we were and would regret,
Sweeps the smooth water of oblivion."

But there is not the remotest hint of the real nature of the secret. Some poets could have uttered it approximately in terms of human emotion. There Mrs. Woods' aeromancy fails. But her poem is a dignified and interesting attempt. Some of the shorter pieces attract us more. The poetical suggestion we found wanting in "Aeromancy" we find in "Beside the Door." "The Child Alone" should be as popular as it is pretty. The best of all, as verse, is "The Mariners Sleep by the Sea."

DOLOMITE STRONGHOLDS. The Last Untrodden Alpine Peaks. By J. Sanger Davies. Map and illustrations. Second edition. (Bell.)

We have found this a fascinating volume to read. From its plan and its contents we conclude that it must be indispensable to the Dolomite climber. Its attractions do not consist in fine descriptive writing. On the contrary, it is rather dry and meagre on that side. But Mr. Davies knows how to tell in a few words, without fuss or exaggeration, what was the task he and his guides undertook when they climbed the Croda da Lago, the Fünffingerspitze and the others, what were the perils of the way, and what arm-chair readers may call the horrors of the pursuit, though he does not give any such name to the worst *caminos* or *traverses*. We held our breath many a time, for all the narrator's coolness and dryness. The little book is full of information, and enthusiasm, and prudence. It should be known to all rock-climbing mountaineers.

TWO CAMPAIGNS. Madagascar and Ashantee. By Bennett Burleigh. 16s. (Unwin.)

The two parts of Mr. Burleigh's book are very unequal. The story of the Ashantee campaign is about as uninteresting as the expedition was foolish; while the Madagascar section is excellent reading. This energetic war-correspondent of the *Telegraph* made the most of good opportunities of seeing the country, interviewing the inhabitants, investigating its prospects, and examining into the late quarrel that ended in a French Protectorate. With regard to the last, Mr. Burleigh brings a sweeping indictment against France. Besides a full record of the events that preceded the late war, and of the progress of the campaign, he gives an ample description of the physical and mental characteristics of an interesting and capable people, of the pathetic condition of the ruling family, defeated not by their own stupidity or barbarism, but because, in spite of their worth and intelligence, they had no conception of the force and resources of a European power. The book will probably send many adventurous holiday-seekers over the ground that Mr. Burleigh has shown to be worth travelling.

THE INTERPRETATION OF LITERATURE. By W. H. Crawshaw. (Macmillan.)

Such discussions of literary principles as are found in this book are, in this country, mainly confined to lecture-rooms. In America the interest in these matters is, we believe, far more widely spread. General principles have a much better time of it there, and books like Professor Crawshaw's address themselves to a sincere, an eager, and a numerous American audience. It is very questionable whether any, save the very best, should be sent over to us; for while our folks are far more stolid and indifferent to such matter as a rule, the interested few are apt to be a great deal more fastidious. We have, it is true, a fair number of people standing on the threshold of an interest in art, powerfully attracted, emotionally ready for appreciation and intellectually untrained, who will swallow, uncritically, any general principles that have a large and beautiful vagueness about them, no matter how one may exclude or contradict the other. But Professor Crawshaw is rather too systematic and definite for them. On the other hand an examination of what he has to say convinces us he is not a very useful guide for students in earnest. He writes nicely, and with a due solemnity about literature; but when he is not stating truisms he is generally rousing the spirit of contradiction. Perhaps there comes in the use of his treatise. "Truth is didactic," he says, "and didacticism is the bane of artistic work.' Is truth didactic? "Truth is practical," he goes on, "and fine art seeks ends above the practical." Is truth practical? These are glib assertions on dark subjects Further, he declares, "Truth is an intellectual matter, while art is the product of imagination; truth may find its best statement in abstract terms, while art is essentially picturesque." What an "intellectual matter" may mean we cannot say, but if the statement means truth is perceived of the intellect and not of the imagination, eternal facts are against him. And as to art being "essentially picturesque," these words are very ambiguous, and at the present stage of artistic criticism very misleading. His examples are sometimes unfortunate. "The true type," he says, "of the genuine work of art is to be found in that famous painting of Raphael in which Michael the archangel stands in triumphant beauty with his foot on the dragon. . . . In Raphael's picture the dragon alone, as a mere representation of evil and horror, would not be artistic; with the dragon removed, the angel would still retain all the essentials of art." Now this applied to the picture is sheer nonsense, and as an illustration of general principles lands us in something like this. All angels (and pretty things) are artistic; all dragons (and ugly things) are inartistic; but angels are so very artistic that they may consort a little with dragons and demons and yet not be spoilt for a work of art, a conclusion which is as crude—well, as our expression of it. The book is not worded to suit the lower forms in schools, and yet if we read it we are forced to listen while he gravely concedes that authors "seeking utilitarian ends" may occasionally be literary, which enables him graciously "to include Macaulay, Carlyle, Ruskin, Jeremy Taylor, Swift, Burke, and many others who must else be regarded as non-literary."

THE BOTHIE, and other poems. By Arthur Hugh Clough. Edited by Ernest Rhys. Canterbury Poets. 2s. (Walter Scott.)

Mr. Rhys has made a pleasant selection from Clough; but the length of "The Bothie" has precluded admission to several things that had a good claim. "Dipsychus" is not here, and what is Clough without "Dipsychus"? Mr. Rhys knows this, and has framed his preface in a supplementary fashion, so as to send readers elsewhere in search of what he has not found room for. Of Clough his latest editor says, "Intellectually he was in advance of his day, and it is only now, late in the century, that he is gaining full audience for his whole performance, brief as it is." This is hardly so. Clough was no prophet crying in a wilderness. He is a poet for quiet, thoughtful minds any time this century, who would always be widely neglected, and always have good firm friends. He had these in his lifetime as now.

EAST AND WEST. By Sir Edwin Arnold. Illustrated. 18s. (Longmans.)

This book is made up of papers mostly reprinted from the *Daily Telegraph*. There is no method in their arrangement. They are shot in anyhow, or perhaps in obedience to a secret higher law, like the paragraphs in a scrappy newspaper. An account of his humanitarian and intelligent methods as a young teacher in King Edward's School, Birmingham, comes immediately after an account of "The Indian Upanishads"; and a story of old Egypt precedes a denial of modern pessimism. The papers are mostly readable—whether their subject be snakes, or folklore, or North Sea fisher folk—in a trivial, garrulous, but simple and pleasant fashion. Indeed, Sir Edwin is so delighted with life, it is so full to him "of a number of things," that he is always readable—if you skip his philosophy.

RAINY DAYS IN A LIBRARY. By Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart. (Elliot Stock.)

"Even in broad daylight there are hours and moods when it is not unwise to be seduced into caprice. *Dulce est desipere*—and there is no safer *locus* than a country house library on a wet morning." This daring admission in favour of occasional caprice is from Sir Herbert Maxwell's preface. We feel very grateful that so weighty a personage should deign to unbend, and let us do so too. But he will not have it that the real opportunity for book-tasting can come to the common herd. "Yes," he says, "it must be a country house. The eye must be free to leave the printed page and travel over the blackbird-haunted lawn to the wet woodland beyond. There must be no clatter of cabs or risk of importunate door-bell." To less weighty persons than literary Scotch baronets, caprice and idle vagabondage among books are not so difficult. A Soho lodging with duns at the door will sometimes even serve. But now to the papers which were the fruit of Sir Herbert's luxurious idleness. They are less reflective than his essays are wont to be, much briefer, and therefore a good deal better. Petrie's "Rules of Good Deportment," Castiglione's "Il Cortegiano," Bulwer's "Artificial Changeling," Captain Topham's "Letters from Edinburgh," and some other old books have been read to good purpose. Bright things have been picked from them for our amusement, and we like Sir Herbert as a book-taster much better than as a philosopher. You may spend two or three interested half-hours in the company he introduces, and will lay the book down hoping he may often unbend in the same fashion, but that next time he will not think it necessary to apologise for his condescension in a wordy preface.

EOTHEN. By A. W. Kinglake. 3s. 6d. (Blackwood.)

If "Eothen" has lain on the shelf for two or three years, you may take it down confident you can read portions of it again. It deserves its fame. It set the fashion both in travel and in travel-books, but few of the latter have come near to it in interest. Its reflections seem more obvious to you than they once did, but that is merely because so many other travellers have adopted and reproduced them since. Some of its pictures must still seem admirable for their vivid simplicity. It has been the first hint to many of us of the splendour of the East, and hardly any other English book has wakened more imaginations thereon. A new edition is therefore always a grateful and a natural event. This one contains a portrait and a biographical account of Kinglake.

THE YOUNG AUTHOR'S PAGE.

Regulations for Young Author's Page.

1. *All MSS. must bear the real name and address of the writer, and also initials or* nom de plume *for designation in* The Bookman. *(An infringement of this regulation is the frequent cause of the delay in noticing MSS. that are sent.)*

2. *Should writers desire their MSS. returned, they must send stamped addressed envelopes or wrappers. When this rule is complied with we shall make every endeavour to return the MSS. But we undertake no responsibility whatever for their custody or safe return, and writers are earnestly requested to keep copies.*

3. *MSS. received on or before the 15th of the month will be noticed, if possible, in the next number.*

4. *Not more than one contribution may be sent by any one contributor in one month.*

5. *The terms for fuller opinions on MSS. may be had on application to the*

Editor of the Young Author's Page,
'Bookman' Office,
27, Paternoster Row, London,

to whom all MSS. must be addressed.

The Editor cannot guarantee that inquiries concerning this column shall be answered before the end of the month.

A. C. D.—It will not do in its present form. You have missed the mark somehow. Something might be made of it. Miss Mary Wilkins could do it. Perhaps her management of eccentric, cross-grained, difficult elderly heroines might give you a hint.

A. H. C.—Would you have made lines 2 and 4 in each stanza rhyme if you could have done so without much trouble? I can't find the key to the metre, so I must call it very inharmonious. This is startling; "and blinding lightning flickers in the air. I drink it in." But, indeed, you have hardly begun to make your poem. This is so much shapeless material.

A Beginner.—No. 1 is reflection rather than poetry. Both 1 and 2 are rather trite, but No. 2 being shorter and very orthodox in its tone, might be accepted by a journal—a minor one. There is something wrong in line 2, stanza 1 of No. 1.

Another.—Good. A promising story. Send it, by preference, because of its subject, to a Catholic magazine. But the theme would commend itself to any anti-secularist journal. There are some queer constructions. Curb your liking for the interjectional style, and look after your typist's punctuation.

Ap Ian.—A very pathetic story. If it were a third of its present length it would have a very good chance of acceptance by a religious periodical. It is far too long. This is not merely inconvenient, but it is also its chief literary mistake. There are a great many useless repetitions, and all that precedes Owen's going to college should be compressed into a page.

A Perjured Smile.—Very good indeed. I hope to see it in print before long.

Austral.—This is not intelligible to the waking mind. I cannot follow the train of thought, nor the construction, nor the metre, after conscientious trials.

Bombay Duck.—Such essays are a useful self-training. This one might serve to provoke argument if read at an essay society. It would hardly bear examination in print. Your critical faculty wants sharpening. The citing (even though it be depreciatory) of a character in a twelfth-rate story of to-day (p. 8) as against the personages in the Waverley Novels, proves it. And this faculty will not develop in you unless you avoid such enfeebling diet.

Bouvardia.—Amusing, and brightly, if roughly, written. The craze it satirizes being dead long ago, it would have little chance of acceptance here. A colonial newspaper would be much more likely to take it, because of its setting. Your handwriting is very clear, and an editor could not reasonably criticise the appearance of the MS.

Cantab.—"Ranches" is a rather desperate rhyme to "branches," considering the context. And why use a Dutch word in the next line in the description of British scenery? The verses are not good, but they might have been carefully transcribed.

Filken.—This is, indeed, a tale of other days—in more senses than one. The kind is popular still—we all like to read of gold and gorgeousness—and if you could master the A B C of story-writing, you might be a purveyor of highly-coloured romance. But you have no idea of the use of a sentence. It would be worth while taking a lesson or two in elementary composition, for you have a bold imagination. Your heroine, by the bye, seems a rather calculating young person.

Iris.—An interesting little story. Quite worth sending to an editor. It might be shortened with advantage; the introduction is needlessly long. Make the meaning of the last few sentences a little plainer. It is a little doubtful which brother was favoured in the end, though a reader will make a probable guess.

Ispar.—A readable bit of sensation. Style fair. Characters poor in vitality.

J. A. G.—You make very sensible remarks on the book in question. It is usual—and indeed it is the fairer method—in reviewing a book to deal with its main purpose first, especially if it be achieved with success, as you think has been done. You name the faulty details first. I should think, with practice and a great deal of reading, you might become an intelligent critic. You might offer work to your local newspapers first, even if it were unpaid.

J. K. J. C.—Isn't there a contradiction in lines 5 and 7? It is not correct to speak of the "heighday of his youth"—whatever his years—if youth was extinguished. There are a great many mistakes of the same kind. I cannot say whether it is promising—save in its note of ambition. You have not yet mastered the elements of composition—the formation of sentences, punctuation, etc. This is always worth while doing, and I strongly advise you to spend an hour or so every week at an English class, or to master the contents of an elementary handbook of composition. You cannot make much headway till you have got over the preliminary difficulties.

J. R.—What is "an MS. of a tour in Ireland"? "A most unwarrantable proceeding," etc., etc.—don't you see you are belauding your own superior knowledge by all this exaggeration of your fellow-countrymen's ignorance? The description of the journey is trivial enough to be omitted. The rest is—on the level of a letter carelessly written home. Please attend to Y.A.P. regulations.

J. R. H.—Do you like this kind of thing? If it were not your own offspring, would you not say it was maudlin rather than pathetic? And could any ear possibly be pleased by the metre? You are in need of stronger poetical diet than you have been feeding yourself on. I do not advise further verse practice till you have read a great deal more and trained your ear somewhat.

J. T. E.—I think this is more suitable for reading aloud to a simple audience than for printing. A minor religious magazine might accept it. It would seem in better taste if some other than the nephew "whom they respect so highly" were the narrator of a story by no means complimentary to his uncle and aunt.

L. S.—Write to the publisher. I think a translation must already exist.

L. I. Y.—Very bright in tone. In revising it, try to keep the whole up to the level of chapters 2 and 3, which are far more careful and mature than the rest. But readers will dispute your judgment of C.'s friend. She is really the heroine.

Langdale.—Try to compress all you can. You are much too diffuse. The good things are weakened by being stretched out. There are good lines and images—that of the Sun and her [her ?] lover, for instance. The first words are unfortunate.

M. F. B.—There are no hard and fast rules, though pedants would make them. An examination of a collection of sonnets—a cheap one may be had in the Canterbury Series—will show you a large number of English varieties to choose a model from.

O. C.—I think you have it in you to write. But at present you are rather like your hero—incoherent. This is much better than many things that are far more fit for publication. It is quite unfit for publication. Refrain sternly for a while from anything like rhapsody. Give yourself the meagrest allowance of words, and force yourself to write to a plan. Only when you have learnt that will it be safe to give your expansive nature room.

Philo.—Quite as good as could be expected considering your years and the subject. For a long time you would necessarily be employed in the more mechanical parts of your profession, during which period your mind would be growing. Let it console you to think that only a monster could write good fiction at sixteen. A descriptive account of something you had seen, or an essay, would show better your talents for journalism.

Remus.—I don't think you can do much with this. Its main defect is that it is out of character with the subject. Judas was not a tame person. If he repented, it was not in such correct accents. The workmanship is very careful, but no technical exactness can make up for want of vitality.

Scot, London.—"The way to stop them is united action in condemning them both by the people who claim any humanity and the police." Unravel that sentence. Feeling as strongly as you do on the subject, you should learn to write, at least to frame a correct sentence and to use suitable words. ("Many people commence to keep pets" is bad). Some parts are quite incoherent. This is especially a pity in your case, as you have something to speak about. An editor might accept your paper as showing strong feeling in an illiterate person. But if you would be satisfied with that, then you are not a Young Author.

Speranza.—There is not much in it. I should advise you to wait some years before trying your hand again at fiction. Human creatures are as yet to you only empty shells with labels on them.

Titmarsh.—This is an anecdote—smothered in Mrs. W.'s talk—rather than a story. Something better might be made of it, if you only referred to the landlady's idiosyncrasies, which are not very amusing, and paid more attention to the chief person concerned. A scene in the street where the deluded gentleman was carrying on his trade, and a sudden recognition of him by his aristocratic relations, might do. But I don't think the material very promising for a story.

Gilead Watkins.—Good, especially No. 4. There might be a good deal of improvement in their form. Without demanding the utmost orthodoxy in the sonnet plan, yours, I think, are rather too full of licence. The end is sometimes not their culminating point. And the rhymes so often occurring in the same line are not pleasing to the ear. "Like" is used for "as" in No. 4; and in No. 5 "like he" should be "like him."

West Wind.—I have read the first and third. The two others were quite uncommonly illegible, and from one some pages had been omitted. The first is vigorous and hearty. A boy's paper would take it. The third is a dull sermon with a rather good introduction. You mis-quote Cowper on p. 15, and afterwards—p. 16—you weakly paraphrase him. Leave this paper alone, and work still at No. 1.

W. M. L.—Good reporting, save pars. 2 and 3, page 3, where you state opinions that are out of place and immature.

W. W.—The good matter lies between pp. 3 and 9. The introduction is wordy. The end, where it is not a mere repetition, is very inconsequent. Page 13, last par., weakens your main argument.

Z. E. B.—The second version is neater and more workmanlike, but it omits, or at least it does not emphasise, as the first does, the idea that gives some distinction to the thing—in the first four lines of stanza 3.

THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

ANDREWS, C. F.—The Relation of Christianity to the Conflict between Capital and Labour, 2/6 .....Methuen
BARNETT, A. T.—The Shadow of Heaven, Sermons, 3/6..Skeffington
BROOKE, STOPFORD A.—The Old Testament and Modern Life, 6/- Isbister
BRIGHTON, E. H.—The Puritan in England and New England, 10/6
Cambridge Bible for Schools: Nahum, Habakkuk, and Zephaniah, Notes by Rev. A. B. Davidson, 3/-....Cambridge Press
CLEMENT, H. G. J.—Reminiscences of Utterances from the Pulpit of Sidmouth Parish Church, 3/6 .....Innes
DALE, T. P.—The History of Brunswick Church, Bury, 2/6 net Simpkin
"Expository Times," The, edited by Rev. James Hastings, 7/6 T. & T. Clark
[*The contributors are theologians of learning and repute, and the subjects briefly expounded are of practical interest to preachers and teachers.*]
HAMMOND, J.—Concerning the Church, a Course of Sermons, 6/- Skeffington
KNIGHT, W.—The Arch of Titus and the Spoils of the Temple, 2/6. (Bypaths of Bible Knowledge) ..... R.T.S.
LANGTON, C.—Meditations on Faith and Practice.....Stock
[*Thoughts on religion and life, devout, but not very stimulating.*]
LEA, H. C.—A History of Auricular Confession and Indulgences in the Latin Church, vol. 3, 15/- .....Sonnenschein
MASON, A. J.—The Principles of Ecclesiastical Unity, 3/6....H. Cox
PULLAN, L.—Lectures on Religion, 6/-.....Longmans
SHAW, W. F.—Sermon Sketches for the Christian Year, 3/- Skeffington
SPURGEON, C. H.—Twelve Sermons on the Prodigal Son, 1/- Passmore
TAULER, Dr. J.—Golden Thoughts on the Higher Life; Golden Thoughts from the Book of Spiritual Poverty, 2/- each D. Bryce
TITCHENER, E. B.—An Outline of Psychology, 6/6 net ....Macmillan
TOLSTOI, L.—The Gospel in Brief, 2/6... .....Scott
USHER, E. P.—Protestantism, a Study in the Direction of Religious Truth, etc., 7/6.....Gay & Bird
WATT, A. C. P.—Twenty-five Years' Mission Life on Tanna, New Hebrides, Biographical Sketch, etc., by Leggatt, 6/- Houlston
WHATTON, A. B. W.—Doctrine and Duty, Sundry Sermons, 3/6 Skeffington

FICTION.

BALZAC, H. DE.—Modeste Mignon, translated by C. Bell, 3/6 net Dent
BARING-GOULD, S.—Dartmoor Idylls, 6/-.....Methuen
BEDFORD, H. L., and GREEN, E. E.—Enid's Ugly Duckling, 2/-
BYNG, L. C.—Daisies of the Dawn, 2/6.....Roxburghe Press
CRAWFORD, E.—Joe of Auchendorass, a Novel, 6/-.....Hutchinson
Chrystal, the Newest of Women, by an Exponent, 3/6 .....Digby
CLARE, F.—In a Sea-Bird's Nest, a Series of Stories, some Allegorical, 3/6 .....
CORELLI, M.—The Murder of Delicia, 5/- .....Skeffington
[*See p.* 12.]
CRANE, S.—Maggie, a Child of the Streets, 2/- .....Heinemann
[*See p.* 19.]
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